

Volume of the *Confederate Veteran* No. 6.

Confederate Veteran.

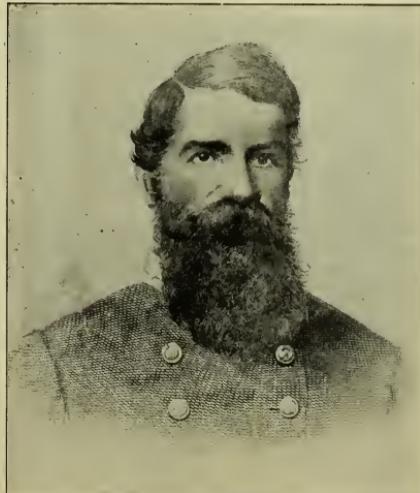


VOL. XXXIII.

JANUARY, 1925

NO. 1

Mrs. Grant & The Confederate soldier p. 20



GENERAL TURNER ASHBY, C. S. A.
"Knightly Horseman of the Valley"
Killed at Harrisonburg, Va., January 6, 1862.
(See page 21.)

New Edition

ECHOES FROM DIXIE

(Old-Time Southern Songs)

*Compiled by Mrs. Hampden Osborne, Leader of the Confederate
Choir of America, and Edited by Matthew Page Andrews
Compiler of the "Dixie Book of Days"*

ECHOES FROM DIXIE is the only book published that contains the words and music of "Jine the Cavalry," the rollicking and well-known song of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart. It also contains Songs of Home and Country, Songs of Sentiment, Songs of the Plantation, with the favorite hymns of Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson.

The genuineness of this volume is also testified by the following quotation from the review of a Chicago magazine: "Why keep on printing the 'secesh' words of 'Bonnie Blue Flag,' for instance? . . . There have been loyal versions of that song. Isn't it as well to let the other kind die?"

\$1.00 PER COPY

SPECIAL QUANTITY RATES TO U. D. C. CHAPTERS

Noble & Noble, Publishers, 76 Fifth Avenue, New York City
SUCCESSORS TO LLOYD ADAMS NOBLE

LEADING ARTICLES IN THIS NUMBER.

In Memoriam—Gen. William B. Haldeman. (Poem.)	By William Smart....	3
Robert Edward Lee. (Poem.)	By Marie E. Reddy.....	4
Battle Hymn of the Republic.	By Daniel Grinnan.....	4
Confederate Twins of North Carolina.....		5
Closing Scenes with Johnston's Army.	By W. B. Crumpton.....	5
Statue of the Wrong Man.	By Cornelius Hite.....	6
The Hero of Olustee. (Poem.)	By Alfred Mickelson.....	7
Artillery at the Battle of Perryville, Ky.	By Capt. W. W. Carnes.....	8
Forward and Back.	By Col. W. A. Love.....	9
A Daring Escape.....		10
The Artillery at Gettysburg.	By John Purifoy.....	13
Service with the Twentieth Tennessee Regiment.	By Capt. James L. Cooper.	14
Parsons's Brigade of Texas Cavalry.	By George H. Hogan.....	17
The Tragedy of Devil's Den.	By Miss J. N. Hoge.....	20
War Incidents.	By J. M. Richards.....	20
Ashby. (Poem.)	By Arthur Louis Peticolas.....	21
A Southern Woman's Bravery.	By Capt. J. N. Rea.....	22
Dixie. (Poem.)	By C. A. Moreno.....	23
A Pilgrimage.	By Lieut. Col. T. J. Dickson.....	29
Heroes in Gray. (Poem.)	By T. B. Summers.....	29
Departments: Last Roll.....		24
U. D. C.....		30
C. S. M. A.....		34
S. C. V.....		36

W. M. Francis, of Salisaw, Okla., renews subscription as a birthday gift to himself on his seventy-second anniversary, October 15, 1924. Though too young to be a soldier, he saw some of

the horrors of war, and he writes of the VETERAN: "I enjoy reading the old CONFEDERATE VETERAN so much that I can't stop. Every number has something in it worth the price of the paper."

Mrs. Mary B. Palmer Haffner, 342 Clay Street, Los Angeles, Calif., wishes to correct a mistake she made in making inquiry about her father's war record some time ago. She stated that her father, Capt. Baylor Palmer, was a West Point man, which she found was not correct; but he was in a military school on the Hudson River, near New York City, and she is now trying to locate the school, and she wants to hear from anyone who was with him under General Morgan. Later he was sent to help Chalmers in his raid, and was under Colonel Richardson as acting chief of artillery. On October 13, 1863, while in retreat, her father was taken desperately ill and fell unconscious from his horse. Doubtless some of those who were with him are still living, or some who heard of this circumstance, and she will appreciate hearing from them with any information about him. All this is rather indefinite, but it is hoped there will be one or more who can give some information of her father.

WANTED.—Confederate and old United States Stamps before 1875. Do not remove the stamps from envelopes. Collections purchased. GEORGE HAKES, 290 Broadway, New York.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., under act of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance of mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, act of October 3, 1917, and authorized on July 5, 1918.
Published by the Trustees of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.



OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,
SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE \$1.50 PER YEAR.
SINGLE COPY, 15 CENTS.

VOL. XXXIII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JANUARY, 1925.

No. 1.

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

IN MEMORIAM—GEN. W. B. HALDEMAN.

BY WILLIAM SMART, SEAGRAVES, TEX.

The bluegrass fields are covered o'er
With clouds of grief and pain,
And the sighings of the Southern breeze
Sweep cross the quiet plain;
The pale young moon grows paler still
As it sinks down in the west,
For our veteran leader lies asleep,
With a white rose on his breast.

And ere its petals wilt and fade,
And its fragile stem be crushed,
We'll give our love and give our tears
For him whose voice is hushed,
And the veterans of the thin gray line
Who have gone on before
Will greet him as an angel mate
On heaven's golden shore.

And as they gather round him there,
In the realms of heavenly glory,
Pulsing hearts will thrill with pride
As he tells his sad sweet story
Of gallant times and gallant men
Who heard their country's call,
And fought for home and fought for State
Beneath the battle's pall.

And as the thin gray line's bivouacs
Around the great white throne,
Sons and daughters will relate,
In sweet and reverent tone,
The story of those gallant men
Who charged the gory heights,
And gave the vintage of their souls
For sacred Southern rights.
* * * * *
Sleep on, brave comrade, rest in peace,
You've done your duty true,
And now you've earned a sweet reward
Beyond the skies of blue,

Where gallant men from North and South
Will meet on heaven's sward
And there receive full measures of
A soldier's sweet reward.

THEIR NAME IS LEGION.

Every now and then the press of the country reports the death of another of the captors of President Davis or gives an interview with some claimant of that honor. One of the latest appeared in the *Toledo News-Bee*, and the clipping was sent to the VETERAN by a Southerner living in that city, who comments thus:

"It has been said that 'a lie never lives to be old'—or something to that effect—but certainly this one is hoary with age. I reckon that old Yankee told the story so often that before he died he had come to believe it himself! It seems to me that the 'captors' of President Davis have become as numerous as Washington's body servant!"

And this is what the newspaper said:

"Tecumseh, Mich., Dec. 1.—William Harrison Crittenden, eighty-six, captor of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy, at Irwinville, Ga., on May 10, 1865, is dead of paralysis.

"When Company E of the 4th Michigan Cavalry was seen approaching in the distance, at Irwinville, Davis quickly changed to the dress of a woman, and, after grabbing a pail, hurried from the tent of his sick wife toward a spring near by. Crittenden rode up and asked a woman in the tent, the attendant of Davis's wife, who the woman with the bucket was.

"'She is my poor mother, going for a pail of water,' the woman replied. However, Crittenden noticed that the woman attendant was nervous and that the woman with the bucket was too active for a woman wearing such attire, and, spurring his horse, he rode up to the veiled figure.

"It was then that Davis knew he was captured, and so after he had torn the dress from himself so that he could stand in his resplendent uniform, he raised his hand and prayed for the South.

"'I have no arms and am ready to die,' he told Crittenden, as he gave himself up."

Confederate Veteran.

ROBERT EDWARD LEE.

BY MARIE E. REDDY, SAVANNAH, GA.

The name,
Robert Edward Lee,
Like a soft zephyr
Of our Southern clime,
Stirs the memory.

Memories stirred,
Like zephyr quickened,
Live forever
In the name,
Robert Edward Lee.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

BY DANIEL GRINNAN, RICHMOND, VA.

That this so-called hymn should be sung at any celebration or gathering of Southern people or should appear in any hymn book issued by a Southern religious denomination, is not by any means clear to those who know the life and views of the authoress and the circumstances that prompted her to write the poem. The effusion itself, when closely examined, appears to be a mere clatter of fine words, and, in fact, it has no meaning except when read in the light of the facts then existing. The casual reader will see nothing beyond a vision of Divine wrath, sharp and terrible, about to be poured on the heads of some sinful people who richly deserve to be cast into outer darkness where there is wailing and gnashing of teeth. He might inquire as to who are the sinful people to be blasted away by lightning from heaven, and he would be surprised to find that he had unwittingly chanted the praise of the great evils to be inflicted and which were finally inflicted on his native State.

Julia Ward Howe, of Boston, was a woman of some, though not notable, literary attainments. She wrote essays and poems long since forgotten; she was devoted to the abolition of slavery in the Southern States, and was a coeditor of an Abolition paper in her own city. At times she preached in Unitarian pulpits. Born in 1819 and living until 1910, during much of her long life she was what is called a female agitator. In her bosom glowed a detestation not only of slavery, but of the Southern people. In 1861, when the War between the States had been in progress only a short time, she visited Washington and by day saw the vast military array set on foot by Mr. Lincoln and by night the gleaming fires of endless cantonments. The sight of all this preparation so convinced her that the time was at hand for a heavy judgment to fall on the Southern people on account of their sins that in her joy she burst into the weird, disconnected song called "Battle Hymn of the Republic," which has no characteristic of a religious hymn whatever. It appeared for the first time in the *Atlantic Monthly* of February, 1862, and the jingle of the words and the flavor of Divine sympathy which it contained charmed the New England mind. It might be likened to some song of an ancient Hebrew prophetess at the approaching destruction of the Amorites under Divine direction. No word of sorrow, pity, or regret is found. The Northern army is pictured as the host of heaven prepared to execute vengeance on the Southern people. She sees God coming and treading a peaceable and unoffending people in the wine press of his anger so that their blood is sprinkled upon his garments; she sees God's terrible, swift sword unloosed against our people, and in her pleasure at this vision exclaims: "Be jubilant, my feet."

With this explanation it will not be necessary to urge that this so-called hymn, impious and bloodthirsty, be banned at the South.

DR. WILLIAM BATES FIELD, SURGEON C. S. A.

The following came from Mrs. Elizabeth Drane while she was visiting a kinsman, Hon. Scott Field, of Calvert, Tex., and after she had read to him (he is blind) Colonel Love's article on "Surgeons and Chaplains of Mississippi Troops, C. S. A.," in the November VETERAN. Both being Mississippians, they were very much interested in the article and found many familiar names in the list. Mrs. Drane says:

"I am writing to suggest another name which well deserves a place in that record, that of Dr. William Bates Field, of Canton, Miss., the eldest of four brothers, all of whom served in the War between the States, Howard Scott Field being the youngest of the brothers. Dr. Field, a young physician and surgeon, at the outbreak of the war at once offered his services and was placed on hospital duty as post surgeon in Canton, and later in Brandon, Miss. When the 15th Mississippi Regiment was organized, he enlisted as assistant surgeon, and I have learned since from surviving members of that regiment that he rendered constant service to the wounded. From another kinsman, Capt. J. W. Mitchell, of the 15th Mississippi, who was badly wounded in the battle of Kenesaw Mountain, Marietta, Ga., I have often heard the story of Dr. Field's skillful work for the soldiers there, both the blue and the gray, and he always gave Will Field and his faithful body servant, Cato, entire credit for his unexpected recovery. Captain Mitchell, now at the age of eighty-six years, is a resident of Penrose, Colo. Later on, Dr. Field joined the 27th Louisiana Regiment, with which he remained until the surrender, when he returned to Mississippi, later coming to Calvert, where he died of yellow fever in the great epidemic of 1873, faithful to the last to duty."

ONE OF THE OFFICERS AT JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

The following comes from Lawrence K. Benson, of Butler, Ala., in response to the request for some information of those officers imprisoned at Johnson's Island in 1864, whose names were taken from the old autograph album owned by R. V. Mitchell, of Rome, Ga., and published in the VETERAN for April and May, 1924. Mr. Benson writes:

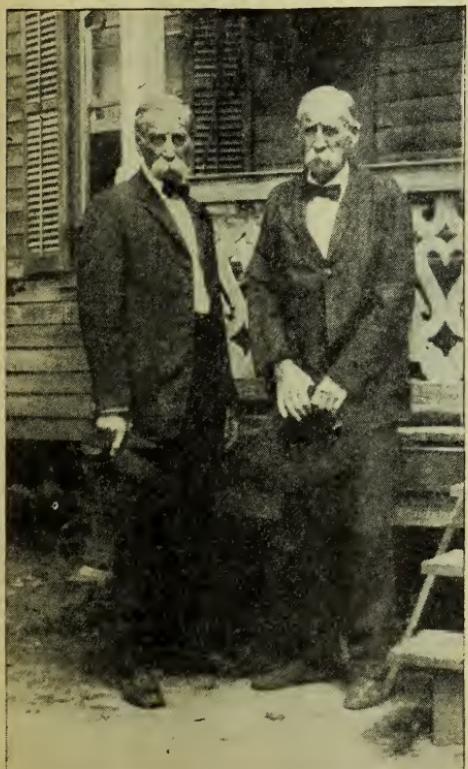
"You expressed an interest in hearing from any of these who survive. My father, J. P. Benson, referred to in the above list, is a resident of the little town of Forest Home, in Butler County, Ala. He has reached the venerable age of ninety-three, and is still rather active for one of his years. Respected always for his upright life, he is passing through the days of the 'sear and yellow leaf' honored for the works he has done and revered for his deep piety and devotion to the right. Few men enjoy the confidence of those who know them as does this fine old soldier of the Southern cause. With him no characteristic is so outstanding as his unswerving affection for his comrades of the sixties. Believing implicitly in the justice of the cause which they served, he keeps with highest pride the memory of their part in the struggle to maintain Southern rights.

"He served for two years as lieutenant of Company I, 1st Alabama Regiment, later known as part of Walthall's Division, Stewart's Corps, Army of Tennessee. He spent practically two years in prison at Johnson's Island, taking the oath of allegiance to the government of the United States on June 13, 1865, after all the armies had been surrendered, and by every act of his life has been faithful in his loyalty to our reunited country."

CONFEDERATE TWINS OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Two of the surviving Confederate veterans of Lee County, N. C., are Thomas and Atlas Gross, twin brothers, now seventy-eight years old. They joined the Confederate army at the age of seventeen and served in Company H, of the Junior Reserves, or 70th North Carolina Regiment, under Maj. Walter Clark, late Chief Justice of the State. They went through the war and took part in the battle of Bentonville, N. C., the last hard battle fought in that State.

After the war closed these brothers, whose bravery was tested at the front like many other gallant survivors of that bloody struggle, went about the task of building up the devastated South with as much enthusiasm and heroism as they displayed in battle. They settled down to farming and made a success in life. Thomas is still actively engaged in farming, and a few years ago he attracted special attention by raising four crops on his land in one season, and showed how the fifth crop could have been raised. Both brothers married happily and have reared six children each, four girls and two boys.



THOMAS AND ATLAS GROSS, OF NORTH CAROLINA.

(The above is taken from the Sanford, N. C., *Express*, and was sent to the VETERAN by Mrs. D. L. St. Clair, Corresponding Secretary of the Lee County Chapter, U. D. C.)

1*

CLOSING SCENE WITH JOHNSTON'S ARMY.

BY W. B. CRUMPTON, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

Returning from a recent trip to Virginia, I saw Greensboro, N. C., for the first time. I was not there when the surrender came. Wounded at Nashville, I was given a furlough and was returning about April 15, but stopped in Montgomery with probably five hundred others who, like myself, were going to the army in North Carolina. Wilson had swept by Selma and was approaching Montgomery. In a day or two we were hustled on trains and rushed to Girard. Shortly after Wilson swept into Columbus, Ga., and on to Macon, which he reached on April 21. We scattered into the woods about Columbus until we got word of the surrender at Greensboro.

Some of the most desperate fighting of the war occurred in North Carolina. There were no great battles, but nowhere did the Confederates fight more gallantly against terrific odds.

The most disappointing thing to the Army of Tennessee occurred at Atlanta, when Joe Johnston was removed. When the remnant of that army reached North Carolina, General Lee wired Johnston to gather all the available troops and "drive back Sherman," who, at the head of a victorious army of 70,000, was approaching like a cyclone. The "availables" numbered about 12,000. The Confederates, poorly clad, without pay for months, short of food, ammunition, and arms, fought day after day, losing heavily, but often were victorious taking thousands of prisoners that they did not know what to do with. News of Lee's surrender on April 9, at last reached them. There had been a hope until then that Lee and Johnston might unite their forces. That hope gone, there was nothing to do but sue for peace. Mr. Davis and his cabinet came from Danville to Greensboro. After conference it was decided that a letter should be prepared and sent by General Johnston to Sherman, asking for an armistice until negotiations were completed looking to terms of peace. Mr. Davis dictated the letter to Mr. Mallory, of his cabinet, and General Johnston signed it. He met Sherman at the home of a Mr. Bennett, but Sherman declined to forward the dispatch to Washington, as the Federal authorities would not treat with the Confederate government. So the two generals proceeded to draw up articles of peace between themselves, which resulted in preparations for the surrender of the Confederates at Greensboro.

Some hitch occurred that required a second meeting of the generals at the Bennett home, where General Johnston was informed of a dispatch from Washington announcing the assassination of President Lincoln. It looked as if all negotiations were off, but the generals, each bent on peace, determined to pursue the matter further, which they did, and the surrender took place at Greensboro. General Johnston's farewell to his troops is a piece of literature which every old Confederate should possess and hand down to his children.

That march afoot back to their homes—who can ever forget it? For weeks the sore-footed, ragged soldiers pursued their weary march. How long it was for some! Think of the Texans walking from Virginia to their far Western homes! Some pleasant recollections remain with some of us. When a footman was observed up the road, the whole family rushed to the front gate. Not many houses were passed without an invitation to stop and take a meal.

The people forgot their distress of mind over the defeat and lavished their attention on the passing veterans. I crossed the railroad at Calhoun, heading for Lowndes and Dallas. Somewhere back toward the Georgia line, a good woman prepared me a dinner which consisted of a corn hoe cake and a bowl of peas cooked without salt. The bread was

Confederate Veteran.

all right, but the saltless peas were a "hard go. However, I swooped the last one, not because they were good, but I knew I needed them.

Sixty years ago, I stood in the mud for an hour on the banks of the Tennessee River at Florence trying to buy a pair of shoes from the teamsters of Forrest's cavalry. I was nearly barefooted. The cavalry had captured a transport down the river, and the teamsters had stolen some of the army shoes, which they had been selling to the infantry. I was told by one who had made a purchase that they would swear they had no shoes, but a little persuasion and the sight of a good wad of Confederate money would make them own up. Every wagon had to come to a full stop before driving on to the pontoon. There, in the loblolly, I stood until one fellow finally acknowledged he had a pair of tens which he might part with for \$30. The trade was made, though my number was eight. When I reached the camp and began to embark on my flatboats, the boys had fun. After washing off the mud I thrust my feet, without socks, into their long home, for I didn't pull them off day or night for a week. I counted myself fortunate to find enough old rags to fill the vacant spaces. The next morning we crossed the seven-hundred-foot pontoon. We were 30,000 strong. That was my first sight of Florence. Crossing the bridge in single file, we were ordered to double-quicke to catch up. You can imagine my appearance. I was as tall as I am now, thin as a match, with my gun in one hand, my cap in the other, waving and yelling in response to the college girls who waved their handkerchiefs as we passed. Those shoes were a sight! They were square-toed. I told the boys they would go out into the woods to find a rock to stumble over and throw me down. They were waterproof, except when the mud was deep enough to run in over the tops, which it often did. . . . Never again on the soil of America will be witnessed such scenes and such suffering and devotion and such soldiers.

I want to suggest that comrades might pleasantly while away some spare time in reading "Johnston's Narrative." It is full of valuable information to be found nowhere else.

STATUE OF THE WRONG MAN.

BY CORNELIUS B. HITE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Since reading Dr. Mary Scrugham's article in the October number of the VETERAN, I have wanted to express in some proper way, which I hope I am now doing, my high appreciation of it because of its unusual interest and importance in presenting a new and forcefully just viewpoint to the world of the real causes of the war of 1861-65. Indeed, this viewpoint, which is another way of expressing the great principle of "self-determination," is one which it will be hard for philo-pro-Lincolnetes to combat successfully, as the argument is basic—lying at the very foundation of our government as established by the Revolutionary Fathers, and which Lincoln's every act aimed at overthrowing.

His Gettysburg address was a display of hypocrisy seldom equaled, for his army had been battling against the Southern army, which stood for a government created by the Fathers, founded on the great principle of "self-determination" or "consent." In fact, on the very principle quoted by Lincoln a "government of the people, for the people, and by the people."

William H. Seward, Lincoln's Secretary of State, declared, "Lincoln had that political cunning that was genius;" and his Gettysburg speech fully bears out this criticism, because it is self-evident that he wanted the world to believe he was trying to uphold the government of the Fathers, whereas he

was bending every effort to pull down this government and set up in its place one the Fathers had utterly rejected, —viz., a "national" one; and for which he had no authority under the Constitution; but a "higher law" was claimed, even a "law written in the hearts and consciences of freemen," the great political *heresy* of Lincoln and his radical backers of the States of New England and New York mainly. The United States Constitution, which was denounced by them as a "covenant with death and a league with hell," did not suit them; for they wanted to be free to act as they pleased. They were against a plan of government based on "consent"; they must have something higher and better in morals than that.

Now, unfortunately for such a mischievous and radical league of citizens of the North, and who were really traitors to the United States Constitution, the late World War has fully approved of the righteousness of the political polity of the South in 1861-65, in that the people of the whole country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, arose in arms to support the great principle of "self-determination," or government by "consent." Could anything be more gratifying to the South and the men and women of 1861-65? How forcefully is the old saying verified, that "truth struck to earth will rise again;" for it is eternal, and can never die.

The "national" feature that Lincoln and his radical backers tried so hard to put over on the people is a thing of the past, I am sure; and now only is occasionally heard of when some one refers to the country as a "nation;" and the wisdom of our Revolutionary Fathers is thus surely well exemplified in their unqualified rejection of the "national" character in our system of government, and which time has most strikingly confirmed.

Dr. Scrugham says Congress put the "wrong man" in the Grecian Memorial; and I quite agree with the Doctor. . . . The question naturally arises, why did the G. O. P. allow Lincoln to monopolize all of this fine Grecian Memorial? Or has it begun to tire of the extravagantly fulsome praise so often bestowed on the erstwhile leaders and abettors of the party? Why not have given Lincoln some congenial company as the following:

John Brown, the celebrated Kansas and Harper's Ferry murderer.

William Lloyd Garrison, the *burner* of the United States Constitution on Boston Commons, in presence of a large assembly, and who, years afterwards, boasted it was one the greatest acts of his life.

Wendell Phillips, who declared the Black Republican Party was a "sectional" one, being the "party of the North pledged against the party of the South."

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, who said Sharp's rifles were better than Bibles in dealing with slaveholders.

Horace Greeley, the owner and editor of the New York Tribune, the mouthpiece of the Black Republican Party, who carried on the front page of his paper for weeks this doggerel.

"Tear down the flaunting lie;
Half mast the starry flag;
Insult no sunny sky
With hate's polluted rag."

Medill, editor of the Chicago Tribune, a bitter radical; and many others, including Maria Weston Chapman, secretary to this aggregation of extreme radicals and well-known disunionists.

It seems to me that the G. O. P. lost a golden opportunity

of perpetuating in this Grecian Memorial the names and fame of these prominent members and promoters of their radical organization, which combined in 1861-65 to "nationalize" the Federal Constitution, contrary to the teachings of the Fathers; and, thanks to a kind providence, utterly failed after a few years of despotic *misrule* over the country to attain to that climax of infamy, the centralization of our system of government, which the people generally to-day abhor as much as they did in 1776.

THE HERO OF OLUSTEE.

BY ALFRED MICKELSON.

[Dedicated to Robert Wiley, of Fairfax, Va., who performed the valiant service in the battle of Olustee, Fla., which inspired this poem.]

"Ammunition! Ammunition!" cried the fightin' Rebel chief,
"We must have it, and right quickly, or our stay on earth is brief,

Where's the man who'll run the gauntlet, get the cartridges we need?

God in heaven, help me pick him, help me pick a man with speed."

From the ranks a Virginia laddie, who had fought the whole war through,

Came and stood before his Colonel, looked at him with eyes of blue;

And those eyes they sparkled bravely as, "I'll go," he simply said,

And he left his Colonel smiling, as between the lines he sped.

Thick the bullets of the Yankees whistled through the Southern air,

And the Colonel, as he watched him, offered up to heaven a prayer,

For the enemy was advancing, and their bullets fell like sleet, But the boy flew faster onward in his race with grim defeat.

In his breast his heart was leaping, in his eye there stood a tear,

And his lips they trembled, quivered, but 'twas not from fright or fear,

For he knew success for Dixie rested on his shoulders slight, And he must not fail or falter, or the Yanks would win the fight.

At last he found the cartridges, took as many as he could pack,

And between the raging battle lines he started to go back, And his comrades, when they saw him with his load of shot and shell,

Cheered the brave Virginia laddie and let loose the Rebel yell.

Pitilessly the Yankees fired, loudly did their cannons bark, But it seemed that Heaven watched him, and the bullets missed their mark.

And at last he staggered safe behind his lines, and there he fell, But his mission was completed and he had performed it well.

Though he was not crowned with laurel and his deed in history told,

And as hero of Olustee no reward was his in gold, His reward was when in victory the flag of Dixie waved, And he knew that those few cartridges—had the day for Dixie saved.

WHAT WAS OPEN TO VIRGINIA IN 1861.

The following comes from Berkeley Minor, "sometime" private in the Rockbridge Artillery, Stonewall Brigade, C. S. A., as the "hindsight of an old Confederate who fought through the War between the States."

"There were three courses open to Virginia after the election of Lincoln in 1860—viz.:

"1. To secede with South Carolina and the other Cotton States, and be the leading and guiding spirit of the C. S. A., as she was of the U. S. A. in 187-9; or,

"2. To remain in the Federal Union and help Lincoln and his party to reform the Union by force; or,

"3. To take the course she did, wait (fooled by Lincoln's promises *not* to use coercion) until he was ready to act, and then secede and fight him.

"The first course evidently (by our hindsight now) was the best and wisest, for there would have been no War between the States. The C. S. A., with Virginia and the other border States, would have presented a combination far too powerful to be attacked. We'd have had, moreover, 'two great English-speaking republics in North America' instead of one dominant, overhearing *nation*, moving on steadily (and not slowly) to a centralized despotism.

"The second course, to remain in the Federal Union and help Lincoln and the G. O. P. to 'save the Union' (as Lincoln termed it) would have been wiser, in a sense, than to act as she did—viz.: resist the great wrong of conquering sovereign States, a *worldly* wisdom, indeed, far from the standard of right fought for in 1776; yet, had the Virginians been guided by such worldly wisdom, how quickly would the 'rebellion' have been put down, and how the world *now* would praise them for so 'saving the Union'! Lee would be honored in Westminster Abbey (like Lincoln), the man that Scott wanted to lead the Federal armies.

"The world now regards the course taken by Virginia as a grave mistake; as Marshal Pelissier regarded the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava: '*C'est magnifique; mais ce n'est pas la guerre.*' This is an intensely practical age; it admires naught that does not succeed—and pay. And the world is ever so, more or less. A rebellion can never be right (in the world's esteem), until it proves itself so by success. To resist tyranny unsuccessfully is rebellion.

"The rebelling colonies in 1776 succeeded, by foreign aid, and were no more rebels. The Boers failed, and met the fate of the C. S. A. What would the world say of the kaiser had he won; and of Lincoln had he failed?"

A CORRECTION.

Referring to his article in the November VETERAN, on the "Artillery at Gettysburg," Judge Purifoy calls attention to two errors (typographical), the first of which is on page 424, forty-fifth line, first column, by which Bender's Division is mentioned, when it should have been Pender's. The other error is on page 427, first column, and next to last paragraph. "These were the only shots fired by Nelson's battalion during the battle and campaign, but it was Colonel Nelson's fault," which should have read: "But it was *not* Colonel Nelson's fault." He asks correction of this latter error especially, "as it may do an injustice to a brave Confederate hero," writes Judge Purifoy. "While Colonel Nelson's well known courage among his associates needs no eulogy from my pen, I do not wish to leave the suspicion even that I would allow myself to reflect upon the courage of a single Confederate hero."

Confederate Veteran.

ARTILLERY AT THE BATTLE OF PERRYVILLE, KY.

BY CAPT. W. W. CARNES, BRAIDENTOWN, FLA.

In the October number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN there was published a communication in which I called attention to an error in a sketch of Gen. E. Kirby Smith, giving participation in the battle of Perryville as part of his services in the Kentucky campaign. That publication caused me to recall the fact that a very small portion of the Confederate army, acting in an independent and unauthorized manner, was supposed to have made the enemy believe that Kirby Smith's command had reached the field of battle.

My battery of field artillery, connected with Gen. Daniel S. Donelson's Brigade, of Cheatham's Tennessee Division, was part of that small force which, by an attack on the left flank of the Federal army, caused that belief, and Gen. John A. Wharton, then colonel of the famous Texas Ranger Regiment of Cavalry, was the officer responsible for that attack.

It was in the battle of Perryville that "Carnes's Battery" first got prominent notice in the Army of Tennessee. More than once in the past I have declined to comply with a request to write an account of that battle for the reason that what I knew of it was confined mainly to certain portions in which my own battery operated, and I did not wish to appear as "blowing my own horn." But in the VETERAN of last year there have been many interesting articles dealing largely with personal experiences, and in leading up to the independent and very effective diversion commanded by Colonel Wharton, I will give the details of my battery movements in the battle of Perryville, hoping I may be pardoned if I make too frequent use of the personal pronoun.

I have a very distinct recollection of all of our movements from the time the various units of our division assembled on the streets of Harrodsburg to begin our march to oppose Buell's advance.

Cheatham's Division was first formed on the left of the army as arrayed near Perryville, but, after a considerable delay, with no sign of battle, it was ordered to the right flank, marching through fields in rear of other commands in line on higher, timber-covered ground to our left. In passing through a farm gate, one of my teams ran afoul of a gatepost, and there was some delay in getting clear, while the infantry passed on. While so delayed, an officer hastily rode up and told Gen. Leonidas Polk, who with his staff was near by, that General Wood very urgently asked for a battery of artillery on his line as he could see Federal artillery ready to open on him from the woods across open fields between them. Our battery being then ready to move, General Polk directed me to follow the officer (named Judson, as I remember) and report to General Wood. When we reached the position to which the staff officer conducted us, General Wood was not there, but the guns were unlimbered and formed in battery front for action just in the edge of heavy timber, with an open valley in front, across which, in the edge of the woods opposite, our field glasses showed the battery that had caused the call for us; but there had been no firing up to that time. We were ordered to open fire. We first took full time to estimate the distance and instruct the gunners about cutting the time fuses of our shell and shrapnell shot, and then began firing as ordered. Why we were urged into artillery action alone, the infantry on both sides being beyond effective range, we never knew. Our attack brought on a fearful response from across those fields, for within a few minutes we were under the fire of four 6-gun batteries at different points opposite. All seemed to be using rifled guns, as, though the distance was extreme for us, none of their shots fell short, but, fortunately

for us, most of them went high overhead, cutting off limbs of trees that fell on us. The infantry back of us could only hug the ground and wait while the pandemonium of artillery fire was in progress.

It was probably but a short time, though it seemed long enough to us, before other batteries opened on our side to divert a part of the enemy's fire from our battery, and the batteries of Calvert, Lumsden, and the Washington Artillery were in action on each side of us. But Carnes's Battery had started the cannonading that had become so furious, and a correspondent of a Mobile paper who witnessed it mentioned only my battery, and so we got more than our share of credit for the "terrible artillery duel" of which he wrote, in which three other batteries had taken part. A staff officer from General Cheatham reported that rifle guns would be more effective, and I was directed to withdraw and Stanford's rifle guns were put in the same place to continue the action, which, however, soon after ceased on both sides, as nothing was effected by the bombardment, with the infantry not in position to act.

I was instructed by an order from General Cheatham to withdraw beyond range, repair damages, and await orders. Moving back to open ground near a cornfield, we replaced horses killed or hurt, rearranged all details, and then fed our horses with corn from the adjacent field. At about 2 P.M., we could hear that infantry firing had commenced to our right and a considerable distance in front. That caused us to get ready to move, but no orders came. While we so waited, I saw General Bragg and his staff riding toward the right some distance in front of us, and I rode swiftly to the group, saluted, and asked to speak to the General, of whom I asked permission to join my command. He asked what caused me to be there, and when I told him I was there by orders from General Cheatham, who seemed to have forgotten me, one of his staff told the General that it was my battery that had been in the artillery duel of the forenoon. Then General Bragg said: "Go ahead, sir, and join your division." Moving rapidly to the front, I halted the battery in single column of pieces in rear of the firing line, and, riding forward reported to General Donelson. He told me there was no place in which he could use my guns to advantage, so I must wait for further developments.

When I returned to the guns, a mounted officer was earnestly talking with the first lieutenant, who had been left in charge, and he was referred to me as I rode up. I found it was Colonel Wharton, of the Texas Rangers, who said he saw where we could get in a flanking attack on the enemy, and while we were discussing the matter two regiments of our brigade, the 8th and 51st Tennessee which had been temporarily detached, came up under direction of Major Martin, of General Donelson's staff. When Colonel Wharton explained the situation on the enemy's left flank, Martin said he would go with him if I would, without waiting to consult with General Donelson, then engaged in front; and under Wharton's guidance the two regiments and the battery made a detour to the right and front and came opposite the left of the Federal line, where his regiment was formed behind a ridge which concealed them from view. Forming on the same line, all advanced to the top of the ridge and opened a flanking fire on a line of reserves in rear of their line, then engaged with Cheatham's Division in front, causing them to break and flee in complete rout. Their line in front, discovering what was happening behind them, soon broke and joined in the flight, and as they came within range they got the same flanking fire from cannon and musketry. Soon there was a mixing of the two lines of fugitives, as varying speed of flight scattered the men over

the whole of the open space, through which our firing was kept up steadily, with no return fire on us.

The advance of our own line soon rapidly followed, and Major Bankhead, Chief of Artillery of Polk's Corps, rode to our position and told me to cease firing, as our own men were in front of my guns. As he had not seen the reserve line dispersed, and I knew he was mistaken, I refused to stop the firing, and he brought General Polk to enforce his order to me. I showed the General, using his field glasses, that I was right, so we continued firing till the fleeing blue lines had all passed, and the direction of our guns changed to the front, then on our right.

The fighting lasted quite a while longer, but I cannot tell more of it than was around my own command. The two regiments named continued to support my guns, which were advanced and engaged till withdrawn after sundown, the enemy having been driven beyond our range, and our infantry captured some fine guns of batteries whose horses our fire had killed. From that time I was busy with refitting my battery, having used up all of our shrapnel and canister shot, lost many horses and men, and one brass piece disabled by a rifle shot that struck the muzzle, so it could not be loaded. It was replaced by a captured gun of the same kind. This was not a regular pitched battle, but a successful attack by 13,000 Confederates on Buell's whole army, which checked his advance till we could be joined by Kirby Smith's command, and next day we withdrew without being followed.

There were many compliments to Wharton and Martin and Carnes for our flanking foray without permission, coupled with joking remarks as to what would have happened to us if the enemy could have known the size of that flanking force and had undertaken our capture. We learned from prisoners taken that it was thought Kirby Smith's command had come up and made the flank attack. We wondered why the left flank had been left unguarded, as Wharton had discovered, and it was characteristic of his dashing boldness to make that attack with so small a force.

FORWARD AND BACK.

BY COL. W. A. LOVE, COLUMBUS, MISS.

It is not the purpose of this paper to discuss technically the maneuvers of the armies around Gettysburg. The results of the battle are often compared to Waterloo, but are not authorized by facts, for the Confederates not only continued to fight for almost two years, and, from Federal accounts, the Army of the Potomac, later called Grant's army, lost in round figures ten thousand more men after than before and including Gettysburg. It is not necessary, however, to continue writing books on either event to reach proper conclusions. Napoleon waited for Grouchy, and he did not come. Wellington waited for Blucher and he came, hence victory. Stuart went on a wild ride, and Longstreet was slow, hence a drawn battle with honors about equal.

But it is to a matter Confederate writers generally have ignored that attention is directed—to wit: Military diaries, for they are more reliable than recollections and sometimes even official reports. Mississippians in the Army of Virginia were reputed gentlemen and scholars, though some, as in all armies, were not considered very bright; for instance: A chaplain having in a sermon referred to Jonah and the whale, one of his hearers became greatly interested, and when asked if the story was new, he said: "No, not exactly. I heard the boys talking about it, but thought it only "Camp rumor."

Dr. J. William Jones, division chaplain, came to Davis's Brigade, cut the ice on a mill pond, and baptized some con-

verts. One of the observers complained that he preached secessionism, against the rule; but Dr. T. D. Witherspoon, his chaplain, said there was nothing objectionable in the sermon. "But," said the man, "he read a whole lot of them *Baptist Scriptures!*" "Why," said Witherspoon, "I don't admit that those are *Baptist Scriptures*."

While in winter quarters the Mississippians built a church, organized a Sunday school, and held prayer meetings. There was also a theater, in which plays were given, and a Glee Club sang songs. A visitor to Barksdale's Brigade, witnessing a drill, was surprised to see the boys at the command "Break ranks" rush in one direction as though John Robinson's Circus had opened doors; but, on inquiry, he was told that "they are running to the church to get the best seats."

And it was these same boys who made unsurpassed history at Gettysburg, whether at the so-called "high water mark of the Confederacy," or elsewhere, and the spot where Barksdale fell is also a hallowed one. But a truce to battle's wild alarm, and back to the diaries.

The following extracts are from one kept by G. W. Bynum, private, Company A, 2nd Mississippi Regiment, Davis's Brigade, Heth's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps, penciled on the march and in camp, that may be of interest to others than Mississippians who made the campaign.

"June 10, 1863. We have been lying in the entrenchments (at Fredericksburg) for three or four days. All quiet except an occasional shot from the artillery. General Lee has gone up toward Culpeper Courthouse with Longstreet's Corps.

"June 14. The Yankees this side of the river fell back last night, and we moved up near Falmouth, which is situated on the opposite side of the Rappahannock, two miles above Fredericksburg.

"June, 15. The enemy's pickets retired last night, except their videttes. Tom Arnold, Corporal Patrick, and myself went across the river to reconnoiter. The few videttes fell back when they saw us wading the river. When we appeared in the streets of Falmouth, I never saw a happier people. The old men and ladies happily met us with a cordial handshake, their eyes brimming with tears of joy. We went through the village to the enemy's camp on Stafford's Heights, and then returned to find Davis's Brigade on the march. To-night we are camped near the Wilderness battle field.

"June 17. Arrived at Culpeper about ten o'clock and camped.

"June 18. March continued to-day. Very warm and disagreeable. Several of the boys were overheated and fell out of ranks, Brother Turner among them. [There were six Bynum brothers in this company, and, although often wounded, they all survived the war.] We are now camped on a high hill on the north side of the Rappahannock.

"June 19. Still on the march. Camped to-night within seven miles of Front Royal.

"June 20. Crossed the Blue Ridge and waded the Shenandoah River. Camped in three miles of Front Royal.

"June 21. Left the Winchester pike and passed through White Post, and are now camped near Berryville. General Longstreet's corps is here also.

"June 22. Rested to-day.

"June 23. Left camp this morning; passed through Berryville and Rappan, and now we are camped near Charleston, a place made famous by the hanging of John Brown.

"June 24. Passed through Charleston and are now in two miles of Shepherdstown on the Potomac.

"June 25. Crossed the Potomac by wading and passed through the battle field of Sharpsburg, which was fought September 17, 1862. Much sign of the conflict is visible.

Confederate Veteran.

The low mounds which cover the bones of those who fell, the furrowed ground, and scarred trees—all speak more plainly than words of that terrible conflict. I saw the ground over which we charged on that memorable occasion and the very spot where I was wounded. Sad, sad thoughts are recalled by again reviewing the old battle ground. To-night we are camped near Hagerstown, Md.

"June 26. To-day we crossed over into Pennsylvania. The people appear to be badly frightened on account of our presence.

"June 27. To-day one year ago we were fighting around Richmond. To-night a large portion of Lee's army is across the mountain. We are now camped at the base of Cumberland Mountain near Greenwood, Pa.

"June 28. Remained in camp cooking rations. Our army is pressing a number of horses into Confederate service.

"June 29. Marched across the mountain and camped near Cashtown.

"June 30. Remained in camp to-day. Raining."

From the diary of F. L. Riley, private Company B, 16th Mississippi Regiment, Posey's Brigade, Anderson's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps:

"June 5, 1863. We marched to the front and occupied the works about Fredericksburg, the Yanks having crossed the river. Skirmishing incessantly. Remained in ditches to the 14th inst.

"June 14, to Chancellorsville. June 15, cross Rapidan River at Germania. June 16, to Culpeper. June 17, waded Hazel River. June 18, to Flint Hill. June 19, crossed Blue Ridge Mountain to Front Royal; waded North and South Shenandoah Rivers. June 20, to White Post. June 21, to Berryville. June 23, to Charleston. June 24, waded Potomac River at Shepherdstown. To Sharpsburg and Petersburg, Md. June 25, to Boonsboro and Funktown, Md. June 26, to Hagerstown, Md. To Middleburg (which is on the line of Maryland and Pennsylvania), to Greencastle, Pa. June 27, to Marion and Chambersburg, Pa. We rested here three days. July 1, to Fayetteville, New Salem, and Gettysburg. Fight, Yanks driven. July 2, and 3; fight continues. July 4, to Fairfield, Pa. July 5, to Wainstont, Pa. July 6, to Lightwood, Md. July 7, to near Hagerstown, Md., where we rested two or three days."

This might be continued with interest to survivors of the campaign.

General Lee, whose faith in his men was unbounded, thought proper during this period of rest at Hagerstown to test the spirit of the troops and placed that duty upon the general officers in camp.

Of the picturesque Gen. Lafayette McLaws visit to Barksdale's Brigade, let Major Robert Stiles, in his "Four Years under Mars Robert," relate: "He was on horseback, riding, as I remember, a small white pony-built horse, and as he rode up into the circle of fluttering light of camp fire to talk with the men, he made quite a marked and notable figure. The conversation ran somewhat like this: 'Well, boys, how are you?' 'We are all right, General.' 'They say there are a lot of those fellows over there.' 'Well, they can stay there; we ain't offerin' to disturb 'em.' 'But suppose they do come, what are you going to do to them?' 'Why just make the ground blue with 'em, that's all; just manure this man's land with 'em.' 'Well, can I rely upon that?' 'You just bet your life you can, General! It we're asleep when they come, you just have us wakened and we'll receive 'em in good style.' 'Well, good night, boys, I'm satisfied.'"

And so the march continued without a fight. However, at Falling Water a battle was fought between the rear guard

and the Union cavalry, in which General Pettigrew was mortally wounded.

After crossing the Potomac, and scrambling up the bank, Gabe Smithers, of the Lamar Rifles (Oxford, Miss.), in passing the regimental band, said to the leader: "Stewart, by blood, play Dixie." Soon the quick notes of that ever-inspiring air wafted upon the breeze, when followed a roll of the "rebel yell" of defiance that meant too plainly to the enemy on the other side there was yet remaining strength, determination, and fight in the Army of Northern Virginia. Outgeneraled and outnumbered, but not conquered; defeated, but by no fault of its own; a great loser, yet inflicting a greater loss, it remembered with pride former victories and accepted this reverse as but a "ripple on the stream of its destiny."

And so it battled on with varying fortune to the distant and bitter end, when all was lost save honor and the consciousness of duty well and faithfully performed.

A DARING ESCAPE.

FROM THE TRUE CITIZEN, WAYNESBORO, GA.

All the deeds of daring and heroism in th' great War between the States will never be written, especially of Southern soldiers. But all that can, should be published to the world for the sake of the South. The children of the Confederacy are descendants of the Southern soldiers, and they deserve to know the part their ancestors played in the gigantic struggle.

One of the most interesting episodes, as well as one of the most romantic and daring incidents not heretofore recorded, is the escape of two Georgia soldiers from the hated Northern prisons.

One of the two referred to belonged to the 3rd Georgia Regiment; the other to Cobb's Legion. One was from Burke County; the other from Richmond. Of those two regiments only fragments reached home; and so with other fragments came struggling back from the east and west, scarred and maimed, all that were left to tell the story of unrivaled devotion and heroism.

On the 3rd of July, 1863, the two Georgians referred to, mere youths without beards, marched with their commands to the line of battle on that awful field of Gettysburg. These regiments were ordered forward in a certain critical moment almost over the identical ground that the famous division of Pickett moved on later. Into a local fire they charged, and reached the bayonet point of the Federal line, but only a fraction, too weak to resist the overwhelming reinforcements that swarmed around, and what remained were captured. Among them were our two Georgians.

One good fortune befell them: They escaped the rain of lead unharmed; but to be prisoners was for them next to death, and they marched away among the saddest and gloomiest of all those who took up the long march to Fort Delaware. Behind them were their comrades, their generals, the South. To these Southerners it was the midnight of misfortune. All their fond hopes of the great secession movement were under a shadow. The army that General Lee led to Gettysburg, they felt, was more than a match for double its size, and it seemed that fate had strangely dealt them an unfair blow in the hour of their pride and glory.

They confronted a sad reality, without a single prospect of brightness before them. Around were clustered other Confederate captives, heroic, but as despondent and gloomy as they over the misfortune that had so suddenly overtaken them. It was later on that our two knew each other well.

There was no particular incident worth mentioning of the

journey to prison. They were closely watched by a heavy guard and confined in box cars, when on railway, almost to suffocation under the hot July sun. The thoughts of escape in this land of the enemy were not indulged by many, but there were some, if a chance had offered, would have taken it at any risk. Among these were our two Georgians, who quietly, but determinedly, watched any opportunity. None was ever presented, and at last, after passing through thousands of people who came to gaze at them, some with hatred, some with pity, more from idle curiosity, but a few from friendship, which they wisely concealed, the whole were landed safely in Fort Delaware.

One of these heroes was Walker McCathern, of the 3rd Georgia Regiment, now living in Waynesboro, Ga.; the other, George O. Tanner, of Cobb's Legion, now of Washington City.

Awakened to the dread realities of a Northern prison for Confederate soldiers, a determination to escape sprang up in their breasts. They looked on the pale, haggard faces of those who were there before them in this hateful place and resolved to get away or die while they had some strength and will left in them. They had been in the prison but a day before a conspiracy among a few of the boldest was hatched. Most all the plotting done was under the cover of darkness and in whispers lest the ground had ears to hear. The first great desideratum was to discover a way.

Outside the walls and along the outskirts of the fort were ever present a vigilant swarm of Federal soldiers, who watched night and day. It was impossible to pass out that way. Around and everywhere stood or walked on his beat the ubiquitous sentinel. To crown the mountain of difficulties, the fort was on an island in the middle of the Delaware River, and a wide waste of waters affected by the tides of the ocean lay between it and the nearest shore. The dangers seemed formidable enough to deter the brave-hearted Southerners in the camp of nine thousand Confederate prisoners.

But it did not. With increasing vigilance they studied the grounds night and day. It so happened that a part of the buildings projected over the water in order that all camp refuse could be dumped into it and carried away by the currents and tides. This conduced to health. Here, too, was the sentinel day and night. Was the dark water not sufficient to frighten off the poor prisoners who wished freedom? But the tread went on by the water side.

A careful survey of the surroundings showed that one escaping must go as trash went and swim to liberty or perish. It was dangerous, but some bold spirits were scorning dangers. The waters were terrible; the sentinel's gun worse. Another difficulty was that the orifice through which the offal escaped was not large enough to pass the body of the smallest man. How should one get to it unobserved, tear away a board without noise, and make a way large enough. One man said he would undertake the work. It was McCathern.

The next night was fixed for the bold venture, and they went to bed to dream of home eight hundred miles beyond the prison walls. All next day was utilized in the simplest preparation. Every man got himself four empty canteens to tie under the armpits to buoy him up while he swam. The afternoon was spent in resting. As soon as the night settled down, McCathern would move the obstructing plank, while each man stood ready. Of the thousands, only a few knew what was to be done as they idly moved about the ground in great or small groups, restless, lonely, and dispirited. On the sentinel's beat they saw the men with their guns slowly walk back and forth.

The day was hot and sultry in the dismal prison bounds,

but this warmed the river waters, which was an advantage. They watched the sun go down anxiously, not knowing if it would ever rise on them again. Then came the twilight. The tide had been rolling in and was now near the full. The waves broke on the shores with a constant, dull roar. There was advantage in this noise. The twilight passed into darkness. Out of the crowd quietly stole a single figure. It was McCathern. Presently, with a strong hand, he tore away a board, the sound of which was not heard above the roar of the waters. He had done his work well and nine brave souls responded to his call, the hardiest fools, some said, but you would say the truest heroes. McCathern led, sliding down a post into the dark, moaning, turbulent waters below. Next followed Tanner, and then the rest whose names have been lost to us. Are any of them alive to-day? We know three of them are not. In the black waves they sank after a long struggle, and now await their comrades on a shore where freedom is eternal.

As they passed into the darkness each was to swim for himself, for it was impossible to give aid in the long swim before them. Long afterwards it came to light that the unpracticed three went down. They were all guided by the lights in the fort at first as they swam away, endeavoring to make directly to the western shore. The tide carried them in the start slightly up, but soon turned back toward the sea. Then all that could be done was to drift as much as possible to the west. The current could not be resisted. It was a death struggle for a whole long night. They found themselves gradually drifting toward Delaware City, seven miles below, and to reach land near it or below was their only chance. They saw the distant lights dimly shining in the small town and guided themselves by these beacons. They, of course, soon lost sight of one another and in the lonely darkness the fearful struggle went on. Imagine this nine-mile fight with the Delaware River. Washington crossed it once, but this struggle surpassed even that of our great countrymen.

After swimming a long time, Tanner saw near him a dark object which moved noiselessly along as he moved. For a long time he tried to make out what it was. He swam and swam, but got no nearer nor further away. After a while he called in a whisper, but no answer came. He kept on as near as he could. He wanted it near whether man or a log or a chunk; he wanted its company. After some time he passed, and McCathern whispered it was he. Oftentimes Tanner felt that he was going to give up, that he couldn't hold out; but McCathern cheered him up, begging him not to surrender. All things have their humorous side. McCathern drew pictures of home, hog-killing time, spareribs, sweetheart, and everything he could think of that the Confederate soldiers longed for. Then Tanner responded with renewed force and energy, and he thinks to this day that the lovely pictures Mac drew out of his exuberant fancy saved his life.

At last the struggle ended and, almost dead, these two dragged themselves into the high grass of the marsh just as day was breaking and lay down to rest. Four others got together below Delaware City. McCathern and Tanner landed a mile above. They must work their way through the country. Not far off was a flourishing cornfield. This was pie for a "Rebel," and as the shades of night drew on they supplied themselves and started out. In the distance they spied a wood after passing around the city. It proved to be a swamp into which they went and had a fearful time in the water and mire. Maybe this saved them, for they were pursued. After a long time they got out. They kept away from all highways and from meeting people. Fields and

Confederate Veteran.

orchards were their only resources. For seven days they starved by day and traveled by night, avoiding everybody, till at last they reached the Eastern Shore of Maryland. There they found a friend. He was true-blue, and when he learned he had two genuine rebels before him he almost wept at the sight of their forlorn condition. Their story to him was like a romance that stirred his blood to enthusiasm. He took them in and transformed these ragged tramps; then rested them for days. When at last they felt recruited, his neighbors of the right stamp came in and six hundred dollars, in greenbacks, were made up and divided between them. These kind friends of the South sent them on to Baltimore with letters directing them to their friends there. There they found these other friends as stanch and true as ever breathed the air of the South. They tarried there thirteen days, treated to everything money could buy without spending their own. At last they found a way to the Potomac and, dressed as ordinary citizens, cautioned and directed by their friends, boldly took the train toward Harper's Ferry, so as to get into the Valley of Virginia where friends in Confederate uniforms would soon be found.

But that old saying that "The best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft aglee" met them at the very door of safety. They got to the very last step, descended from the train, and a large guard of soldiers in Federal uniforms confronted them. "Who are you?" said the corporal of the guard? Of course, they put on the best face they could and said: "Friends." There was no chance to run. They were taken before the captain. He said a few words to the guard and they were separated to be examined apart. A long examination followed. Tanner first. O, the irony of fate! The captain was almost satisfied that he should let them go on, when he took from the pocket of Tanner a little pocket Testament that a tender soul had given him. Many a time it had solaced him in the waking hours of his soldier's life. But now it was to give him and his friend up to the prison again. On the fly leaf he had written "George C. Tanner, Cobb's Legion, Confederate Volunteers." When he wrote it, it was an honor to him. Now he wished he had burned it. Why had he not remembered that it was there when he was flying from Fort Delaware.

The captain read it with a smile. Then McCathern was brought and questioned. He lied all he could and told quite a straight story, but it did not tally with the other. At last he was confronted with the Testament. As soon as he saw it he said to the captain: "I give up, captain, and now let me say I am a Confederate soldier and have shot every Yankee I got a chance to shoot, and if I ever get back into line, I'll do it again." The captain took it good humoredly, and as he turned him over to the guards again said any indignity offered to these two brave young Southerners would be severely punished. Then they, who had been free now nearly a month, were soon going back to prison, and next day were safe at Point Lookout, not Fort Delaware as before. Point Lookout is on the sharp little promontory or cape just where the Potomac empties into Chesapeake Bay.

Determined to breathe again the air of heaven in freedom, each made up his mind to escape again. The spirit of liberty was so inherent that no dangers deterred them. Still nearer to Virginia than at Fort Delaware, everything seemed brighter. The very skies looked bluer. The vast swarm of prisoners had been increased by those who were confined in Fort Delaware being moved to Point Lookout.

Neither McCathern nor Tanner made any plan to go, but watched for a chance. For many days every avenue seemed so guarded that a feeling of desperation and hopelessness

began to prey upon the feelings of those brave young men But they had tasted liberty and refused to despair.

One evening late a batch of nearly one thousand were carried out as usual under a heavy guard to cut wood for the camp. Tanner happened to be one of them. He cut wood like a hero—like he loved it better than all the rest of humanity. At the same time he piled up brush in the most careful way—just to get it out of the way he said, so the boys could get around easy. He cut wood and piled and piled. The poor Yankee had never seen so neat a chopper, nor brush—perfectly useless brush—piled so artistically. Many a ragged old Confederate smiled and said to himself, "He is a fool for doing all that extra work," but Tanner kept on playing the fool.

Presently the crowd gathered up their quota of wood. Tanner was near by pretending to get his together. Then the march was taken up to return. There didn't seem to be any trouble whatever. Certainly there was none with Tanner, for Tanner was not among them. He was under the brush pile, not receiving company now; invisible to the outside world. The shadows of evening rapidly grew on. If a prisoner was missed the guard did not mention it. He didn't dare to, for it meant that he was to be put at once on the firing line where "Johnny Reb" had a gun and was everlastingly shooting it carelessly toward the Federal line. Tanner didn't have a tent to fold like the Arab, but he stole away all the same into dark and was lost to Yankee prisons forever. The next we hear of him he was shooting carelessly.

Where was McCathern all this time? Do you think he was idle? Not a bit. He was hunting about on his own account for something for idle hands to do who had no tools to work with. Sometimes the simplest things suggest the greatest possibilities. He saw a piece of iron hoop. At once the great ocean of liberty lay before him. He got it. Whether he stole it or not he made no parade to any Federal guard about his having it. Day in and day out he was quietly making a liberty hole. The dirt was successfully hid from common observation. The hole in the wall grew and grew. He saved from his scanty rations little by little, so that he would not starve while he hid away in deep swamps. One dark night the passage of freedom was large enough, and out alone he passed. He could not cross the wide Potomac by swimming and there was no boat at hand. He ran as long as he could; then he walked as fast as he could and all night he was busy putting distance between himself and the hated prison. When the morning broke once more he was many miles away. Then he hid in the darkest swamp he could find, and though hungry, sparingly he ate of his scanty food and laid down to sleep. Then as dark came on he pursued his unknown way, watching for a chance to cross the wide Potomac. At last he crossed and was in Virginia, but still in the enemy's lines. When provisions were gone it was starvation or risk capture. He starved, save when an orchard or a corn patch provided him with unripe provisions. Finally he got a glimpse of the far-off Blue Ridge Mountains. He guided his course toward them, and one weary morning he was at Snicker's Gap. This was disputed territory. Sometimes "Yanks," sometimes "Rebs" had it. Still cautiously he felt his way. All at once he ran up face to face with trouble—it seemed. Yonder was a man with others near by. He could not run, so he met him boldly and was ordered to stop. He didn't know whether he was of the South or not. There was a good deal of fencing between them in order to conceal identity; however, it came out that he was a Confederate. And who was the other man?

It was Mosby. He heard the half-starved McCathern's

story from end to end and then gave him his hand, and said: "I am Mosby."

Free once more. Free as the air of the blue heavens! Once more with the boys in the ranks, once more with the firing line, happy as an old Confed could be.

THE ARTILLERY AT GETTYSBURG, JULY 3, 1863.

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

EVIDENCES OF THE CONFLICT OF AUTHORITY.

Capt. Charles E. Phillips, Battery E, Massachusetts, said: "About one o'clock, the enemy opened a heavy fire from a long line of batteries, which was kept up for an hour, but beyond the noise which was made no great harm was done. Having received orders from General Hunt and Major McGilvery not to reply to their batteries, I remained silent for the first half hour, when General Hancock ordered us to open. We then opened fire on the enemy's batteries, but in the thick smoke probably did very little damage." Similar reports were made by several of the chiefs of artillery and battery commanders, and there is no doubt that all had the same conflicting orders from the two commanders.

Brevet Maj. Gen. Henry J. Hunt, Chief of Artillery, Army of the Potomac, referring to Pickett's Division, said: "I had counted on an artillery cross fire that would stop it before it reached our lines, but, except a few shots here and there, Hazard's batteries were silent until the enemy came within canister range. They had unfortunately exhausted their long-range projectiles during the cannonade, under the orders of their corps commander, and it was too late to replace them. Had my instructions been followed here, as they were by McGilvery, I do not believe that Pickett's Division would have reached our line. We lost not only the fire of one-third of our guns, but the resulting cross fire, which would have doubled its value. . . . On this occasion it cost us much blood, many lives, and for a moment endangered the integrity of our line, if not the success of the battle."

When General Hunt, twenty-four years after the battle, prepared, and it was published in the *Century Magazine*, his story of the 3d of July at Gettysburg, and which was subsequently published in "Battles and Leaders," it called forth a retort from Brig. Gen. Francis A. Walker, a member of General Hancock's staff. General Walker introduced his article by quoting the matter the writer has quoted above, and characterized it as constituting "a very severe impeachment." General Walker then shows that he had "had much correspondence and conversation with General Hancock on the subject; and, as the heroic leader of the Second Corps can no longer reply for himself, I beg leave to speak on his behalf." This indicates that Hancock, "The Superb," had answered his last call, that of the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, when General Hunt's article was published, and for that reason General Walker, his friend, took up the cudgel in his defense.

The latter briefly, but courteously, replied that two antagonistic theories of authority were advanced. General Hancock claimed that he commanded the *line of battle* along Cemetery Ridge. General Hunt, in substance, alleges that General Hancock commanded the infantry of the line, and that he himself commanded the artillery. The reasoning of General Walker followed the line indicated by his proposition. He closed his defense by saying: "On the question of policy there is only this to be said, that a difference of opinion appears between two highly meritorious officers—one the best arti-

lerist in the army, the other, one of the best, if not the best, commander of troops in the army—as to what was most expedient in a given emergency. Unquestionably, it would have been a strong point for us if, other things being equal, the limber chests of the artillery had been full when Pickett's and Pettigrew's Divisions began their great charge. But would other things have been equal? Would the advantage so obtained have compensated for the loss of *morale* in the infantry which might have resulted from allowing them to be scourged at will by the hostile artillery? Every soldier knows how trying and often how demoralizing it is to endure fire without replying."

After replying at some length, in which Hunt quotes authority for his action, he closed his rejoinder by saying: "Had my orders been fully carried out, I think their whole line would have been—as half of it was—driven back before reaching our position, and this would have given us our only chance for a successful counter attack." While Hunt's views just quoted are speculative on some things, it adds another witness that the right flank of the Confederate assaulting column was not subjected to the terrible front fire of artillery until it reached within canister fire, while the single line of which the left flank was constituted met a front fire of artillery at least three-quarters of a mile before it reached the famous stone wall.

No friend of the Confederate soldier will permit himself to engage in the dastardly effort of attempting to pluck a single leaf from the laurel crown of achievement which adorns the head of the spirits of the brave Confederate soldiers who accompanied the unrivaled heroes, Brig. Gen. Richard B. Garnett and James L. Kemper, up the slope of Cemetery Ridge, when the former fell from his horse pierced with an enemy's deadly bullet after he had reached within twenty-five paces of the famous stone wall; and the latter was lifted from his horse, pierced with an enemy's bullet which left him seriously wounded; or those matchless spirits who accompanied the peerless hero, Brig. Gen. Lewis A. Armistead, as, fifty yards in advance of his brigade, waving his hat upon his sword, in the absence of a flag, saying to the brave Virginians who attended him, "Follow me," he led them upon the enemy with a steady bearing which inspired all breasts with enthusiasm and courage, till he scaled that famous stone wall and fell among the Federal soldiers mortally wounded; or the brave spirits of forty-two other Confederate heroes who scaled that wall and lay in the cold grip of death's hand beside their incomparable leader; these men made the supreme sacrifice by laying their precious heritage, life, upon the sacred altar of their country; or possible survivor of that famed assault, whom fate has kindly permitted to continue in life.

Continuing, General Hunt said: "As it was, the splendid valor of Pickett's Division alone enabled the Confederates, although defeated, to preserve their morale intact. Had they been repulsed without coming in contact with our infantry, their morale would have been seriously impaired, and their sense of superiority humbled."

This sentence was written twenty years after that bloody war had ended, and Hunt's mind should have been settled into a condition that would have enabled him to handle the matter treated of in a rational and charitable manner; his bumps of prejudice, enlarged while his passions held sway twenty years previously, should have become shrunk to normal proportions under the two decades of rest he had enjoyed. In his efforts to hand a bouquet to the men of Pickett's Division, he has permitted himself, possibly unwittingly, to cast an unwarranted slur upon more than three-fourths of that acknowledged grand body of Anglo-Saxon American

Confederate Veteran.

soldiers, the Army of Northern Virginia, which is refuted, not by speculative facts, but real achievements in its immediate subsequent career. Its successful retreat; its successful convoy of practically the entire army train and other impedimenta, including its thousands of prisoners of war and a large part of its wounded soldiers, strung out to the length of seventeen miles, to the Potomac River, and farther; its defiant formation in battle array, confronting their alleged victorious antagonists, for at least a week, with scant supplies of food for men and horses, and a very deficient supply of ammunition; with their backs to the unfordable Potomac River, the latter having been swollen by unprecedented heavy and continuous rains; their bridge having been so damaged that it was rendered unfit for use until repaired; its successful repairing of the bridge, and their successful crossing of that swollen river on the night of the 13th and morning of the 14th of July, ten days after the repulse of the great Confederate charge; its successful retreat to its former position in the vicinity of Culpeper Courthouse, Va., are not speculative, but genuine achievements. Its subsequent career for nearly two years longer, successfully combating overwhelming odds in men and material, are calculated to convince the most skeptical that its morale after Gettysburg was not reduced nor was its sense of superiority humbled. The writer has not entered into details, but has simply enumerated great achievements to refute an unjust reproach cast upon a body of great American soldiers.

If "splendid valor" is the measuring rod of the fighting of the Confederate troops at Gettysburg, the writer insists that it is applicable to the fighting of the two divisions, Heth's and Pender's, of Hill's Corps, and the two divisions, Rodes's and Early's of Ewell's corps, when they won the brilliant victory in the first day's battle, which our antagonists insist was won by enormous odds against them, estimated at 50,000 and 60,000 Confederate troops engaged, which in both cases are fearful exaggerations, to about one-fourth or one-fifth of these numbers of Federal troops.

The fighting of every brigade in McLaws's and Hood's Divisions, of Longstreet's Corps, and Wright's, Wilcox's, Posey's and Perry's of Anderson's Division, Hill's Corps, may be properly designated as a display of "splendid valor" when they assailed in detail more than double their own numbers, and Confederate victory trembled in the balance. Superb and magnificent are not too extravagant terms when applied to every brigade engaged in the battle of the 2nd of July on the west side of Cemetery Ridge. This is especially true when the rugged character of the ground over which they advanced is taken into consideration.

Follow the advance of Johnson's division up the rugged sides of Culp's Hill, when its brigades advanced against that Gibraltar, and partial success crowned their efforts; but the darkness concealed the advantage that had been gained, or the battle of Gettysburg might have had a different story behind it.

Note the gallant resistance of Johnson's brigades against Slocum's Divisions on the 3d of July, backed by twenty guns of superb artillery, skillfully and effectively handled, while Johnson's troops had not the benefit of a single piece of artillery. Here was "splendid valor" in both charges.

"A thousand glorious actions that might claim
Triumphant laurels, and immortal fame,
Confus'd in crowds of glorious actions lie,
And troops of heroes undistinguished die."

SERVICE WITH THE TWENTIETH TENNESSEE REGIMENT.

[From the diary of James L. Cooper, Captain and A. A. G. Edited by Deering J. Roberts, M.D., Surgeon C. S. A.]

Nashville, Tenn., August 5, 1866.—It was my fortune during the war to belong to a crack regiment and brigade. My regiment always stood high in the opinion of every one. I was first in Zollicoffer's Brigade, next in Crittenden's Division. In the battle of Mill Springs my regiment was deservedly pronounced a gallant one. At the next battle, Shiloh, in Statham's Brigade, Breckinridge's Division, it again won high praise from General Breckinridge. At Baton Rouge, our next fight, under the same commanders, we sustained our name.

Murfreesboro was our next trial, and here, in W. C. Preston's Brigade, Breckinridge's Division, Hardee's Corps, we fought so well as to obtain special mention from Gen. Breckinridge in his official report. After we arrived at Tullahoma, we were presented with a splendid silk flag by Mrs. Breckinridge, made of her wedding dress, and given to us as the most gallant regiment in the division. At Hoover's Gap we were placed in Bate's Brigade, and here and at Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge won immortal renown. After this, as Tyler's Brigade, we were numbered among the best, and when our Division (Bate's) had apparently fallen into disgrace, and all were decrying it, our brigade (Tyler's) was acknowledged to be one of the best in the army. We were mentioned several times in official reports.

September, 30, 1861.—On this memorable day I left the home where I had lived with scarce a wish ungratified for seventeen years to join my fortunes with the 20th Tennessee Regiment, Company C. This regiment was at that time camped at Cumberland Ford, Ky. I left Nashville with Captain Bostick, of the 4th (East) Tennessee Regiment.

I was tormented by feverish anxiety for fear that the fighting would all be over before I got into it, but I was mistaken in my calculations.

I felt every inch of a big man when I was going about the day preceding my departure. In my gray coat with its bright brass buttons, I thought I attracted more attention than any other man in the city that day. I was very anxious for every one to know that I was only seventeen years old and that I was going to "join the 20th Tennessee Regiment, Colonel Battle, sir, at present in East Tennessee among the bushwhackers, but soon expecting to start to Louisville or Cincinnati." O, Lordy! how these things do make children of us all. God bless that old 20th Tennessee! May the memory of her noble deeds never die, but when I am old and this life seems about slipping from my grasp, may that name, "20th Tennessee," have power to flash up the flickering light of the eye and nerve the palsied limbs. I know it will do it; 20th Tennessee, I'm proud of you, glad that I was one of you. Couldn't you do more fighting, and better fighting, in a given length of time than anybody's regiment? and then when running was to be done, couldn't you do that? You bet! And then you were the boys that could march farther in a day, and go farther that night, and bring back more chickens, kill more hogs and sheep than anybody. You could play more cards and take in more money from the greenhorns than six common regiments. O, you were snatchers, and the like of you will never be seen again.

To return to Nashville. At four o'clock Monday afternoon I left the N. & C. depot. In spite of my joy at going to the army and my natural hardness of heart, some tears forced themselves from my eyes as we rapidly rolled away from the home where I could have been so happy if I would; and I

began to think about the chances for returning. A silent petition arose from my heart that God would bring me safely through all my wanderings and dangers back to that home. Other lips and hearts were praying for me too, and I did get back, sound in health and considerably improved in morals.

October, 1861.—On the first day of this month I reached Knoxville, where we learned that the 4th Regiment had started to Cumberland Gap, and were encamped that night about sixteen miles from Knoxville. With several officers of the regiment, I started about two o'clock and reached the camp that night at ten very much fatigued.

In the morning we resumed the march and reached the Gap on the 5th. I saw nothing strange on the route except the remarkable fondness for chickens and fresh meat which began to manifest itself among the troops.

On Sunday, the 6th, I left Cumberland Gap for my regiment, fourteen miles distant. I reached the ford before sunset and was greeted cordially by James W. Thomas, fourth sergeant of Company C, and was soon made to feel at home. On his account I was kindly received into mess No. 1, the best and laziest set of fellows in the company. Their names were Evan Shields, J. T. Callender, J. W. Thomas, T. H. Goss, Ralph Calhoun, and last, but not least, "Gabe," the gentleman who did up the chicken fixings, in other words, the cook. I was soon sworn in, and assigned a place in the rear rank. I drew an old rusty flintlock musket, and was told to consider myself a soldier. I thought this was doing things in style, especially as I was popped on guard about the third night, and that a rainy one. I was taken to one side by J. T. and seriously admonished as to the duties of a sentinel and the direful consequences if I neglected my duty, and I determined not to be caught napping on my post. A court-martial, and probably death, would, I thought, be a sad end to my dreams of military glory. Notwithstanding the rain, I got along finely.

We remained in camp about long enough for me to learn something about the life, and then started on a campaign against the enemy at Wild Cat, on Rock Castle River, distant from the ford about seventy miles. The first day we marched about nine miles, and as I had never carried a knapsack before I was very tired. We had a little adventure with the bushwhackers on the road, in which one cavalryman was killed. When about six miles from Wild Cat we came in collision with the pickets, who were driven in after a little excitement. After a miserable night, cold as the north pole, the next morning we advanced on the enemy. The crack of the old squirrel rifles in the woods for a time was all that could be heard, but presently the regular troops came out with their Minies, and skirmishing commenced in earnest. Our regiment was not engaged during the day, but was marched and countermarched over those mountains in a way that was almost as bad as fighting. Some fighting was done by the 11th Tennessee.

When night came we retired with a loss of fifteen killed and twenty-three wounded. This was on the 25th of October; on the 26th we started back leisurely to Cumberland Gap. The object of the expedition had failed, but no one was whipped. We had in action only one regiment of those present—the 11th, 19th, 20th, 29th Tennessee, and the 15th Mississippi, the latter being some distance in the rear. Rutledge's battery of artillery and a battalion or two of cavalry in addition were also with us, and the 17th Tennessee, which sustained the principal loss.

November and December, 1861.—The month of November was occupied in changing our front from Cumberland Ford to Mill Springs. At Cumberland Ford I was detailed to

accompany the wagon train, and did not rejoin the regiment for some days. About the first of November we started on our march for the Cumberland River. We encountered many hardships on the way. Our commissariat was poorly managed and several nights we were reduced to a couple of potatoes.

The first night we spent in camp at Cumberland Gap, there was a considerable fall of snow. As our mess had a good supply of blankets, we were able to keep very comfortable. Others did not fare so well. About the first of December we made preparations for crossing the river. An advance guard was sent over, and one dark night our regiment crossed on flats, which were made by the troops under direction of engineer officers.

When we were safely over, we were hurried out about two miles to take our stand on picket. We found there another regiment, the 19th Tennessee, which had crossed before us. We remained here for several days until a line of fortifications was made by the troops in rear of us, when we went back into camp.

Our force consisted of the 15th Mississippi, Colonel Stathem; the 20th Tennessee, Colonel Battle; 17th Tennessee, Colonel Newman; 19th Tennessee, Colonel Cummings; 25th Tennessee, Colonel Staunton; 28th Tennessee, Colonel Murray; 29th Tennessee, Colonel Powell; a battery of artillery commanded by Captain Rutledge, and one under Capt. Montserrat. Part of this force remained on the south bank of the river.

We passed the time here in fortifying and making our winter quarters, which we were destined never to occupy.

Christmas came while we were in this camp, "Beech Grove," and was celebrated by all, even the cook, getting drunk.

January, 1862.—Sunday the 19th of January, 1862, came and found us in our old camp. Events now occurring every day showed us that we would not remain quiet much longer. Skirmishing between the outposts was of frequent occurrence, and one, in which our messmate, Evan Shields, had a narrow escape, was followed by an advance of our entire command to Fishing Creek, about ten miles distant. The birds had flown, however, and we had our march for nothing.

On the 17th the Federal General Thomas, who had been at Columbia with his brigade, marched to unite with General Shoeff, who had been in our front, at Somerset. After concentrating they would cross the river below and above and have us at their mercy. After a council of officers had been called, Gen. George B. Crittenden who had arrived and taken command, determined to anticipate their design and to attack them in camp. The troops were ordered to cook rations and hold themselves in readiness, and at midnight the march commenced. General Thomas had this night reached a point about ten miles from our camp, and the intention was to attack at daylight of the 19th.

We had had much rain, and the roads were in a terrible condition. The order of march was as follows: first the 15th Mississippi; second, the 19th Tennessee; third, the 20th Tennessee. The artillery and other regiments followed. Two regiments were left to guard the camp. We marched steadily forward for several hours when the frequent halts and the number of staff officers dashing about told of our proximity to the enemy. Some of us still thought there would be no fight, that the Yankees would leave; but just as day was breaking a wounded man was brought to the rear; we now knew that we had to fight and prepared for it by piling up our blankets, knapsacks, and whatever would impede our movements. As soon as it was light, the sharp rattle of musketry in our front told that the 15th Mississippi was driving in the skirmishers, and we were double quicked

Confederate Veteran.

into line and moved to their assistance. When we reached our position on their right, the fight had commenced in earnest, and we were under fire directly. The rain was descending in torrents and our flintlock muskets were in bad condition; not one in three would fire. We were a little excited at first, and one man in Company B was shot by one of my own company. The excitement was soon over, and, with a shout that would have warned an Egyptian mummy, we rushed up to the 15th Mississippi with only a fence between us and the enemy and did the best we could with our old flintlocks. Mine went off once in the action, and although I wiped the "pan" and primed a dozen times it would do so no more. I had just taken aim and pulled trigger, and was waiting for the hammer to descend, when I felt a "new sensation" across the small of my back; it was like the cut of a knife, and I knew I had been shot. My first thought was that the bullet had gone through me, and I was very much relieved to find it had not entered.

By this time the two regiments, the 20th Tennessee and 15th Mississippi, had lost half their number, and General Zollicoffer had been killed, no troops were sent to assist us, and with much confusion the retreat began. Every one for himself was the motto, and to get back to camp as soon as possible the idea. I started from the field with a considerable party, but was soon headed by the Yankees and compelled to hide. Most of my party were captured at that time. I remained hid until night and then tried to make my way to the river and cross. I marched up to the 38th Ohio about midnight and was "taken in." I was carried back to our old camps that night in time to see the last of the command cross the river, and was then taken to Somerset. I was under charge of Captain Choate, Company B, 35th Ohio Regiment, and was very kindly treated. At Somerset I was taken to General Shoefield, who paroled me, with permission to go through the town, and sent me to wait on the wounded. I sent a letter home by Dr. Cliff, who accompanied General Zollicoffer's body to Nashville. I saw General Zollicoffer after he was killed.

I remained in the hospital attending to the wounded men during this month, and witnessed many dreadful scenes of suffering and death. Our regiment's loss was one hundred and fourteen killed, wounded, and missing out of three hundred.

February, March, and April, 1862.—During these months I remained in the hospital at Somerset. Many of my comrades and acquaintances died from their wounds and sickness combined, but I fortunately kept my usual good health. I was at one time detailed to accompany Sergeant Grey to a private house, but found my position there unpleasant, and had to return to the hospital.

I escaped being shot, by an accident; a Yankee mistook me for one of the "Rebs" who had been paying attention to his lady love, and vowed vengeance. No one was hurt, however. Some of the "Rebs" visited around considerably, but as I did not have much fancy for the ladies I remained at *home*.

About the latter part of March, I think, we were notified to prepare for a trip to Camp Chase. We left Somerset in company with about one hundred Yankees, who were returning to their commands, on the 4th of April. The entire body was under charge of Dr. Boyle, a very gentlemanly officer, and who seemed to prefer the society of the Rebs to the Yankees. He treated us throughout the trip with uniform kindness and courtesy. We traveled on foot and in the wagons which were with us about seventy miles to Nicholasville, where we took passage on the cars for Cincinnati, which we reached during the night and were taken to the Fourth Street Hospital, a most comfortable place. The next morning

our paroles were then taken from us, and we were sent under guard to Columbus.

We reached Columbus at twelve that night and were immediately sent in omnibuses to Camp Chase, distant about four miles. We were sent into the prison to our respective messes, and told to make ourselves at home. I and four others had much difficulty in arousing our messmates. They were lazy, sleepy fellows, who had no sympathy with misfortune. After we had awakened them, they tried to entertain us some time before they would get up with most marvelous accounts of the number and size of the lice and vermin of all kinds abounding in the prisons. This was sickening to us, as we were just being initiated, but to them it seemed to afford infinite amusement.

The next morning I was fortunate enough to get into Mess No. 36, with some former acquaintances who had left Somerset before I had. I was received with a hearty welcome and felt better satisfied. I soon received letters from home and was supplied with clothing, money, etc.

We had some very cold weather here, but as we were well supplied with wood and stoves, we did not suffer. Provisions and clothing were plentiful, and but for the consciousness that we were prisoners, we might have been very well contented. The sentinels posted around the walls were generally polite, but sometimes a dirty blackguard, inspired by the thought of killing a Rebel, would fire through the prison. No one was hurt in our prison, but in the other prisons there were three casualties.

Considering all things, we were very well treated, and could have no just cause for complaint.

May, June, and July, 1862.—The interior of our mess would have presented a strange sight to a stranger. Its dimensions were 15x18 feet and in these narrow limits eighteen men had to live, for the weather was too disagreeable to remain out doors long. We did most of our own washing and all of our cooking. Our time was employed in different ways—reading, writing, card playing, making trinkets, mending old clothes, and a variety of other occupations made up our amusements. One or two religious revivals occurred, and a good many were converted. Several of my own mess professed religion, and I had come to the determination to become an "inquirer" myself when the revival ceased through want of a leader. One of our mess, Pink Martin, a young man of most remarkable moral courage now commenced "family prayers" in the mess and kept them up till our departure.

Some of Morgan's men were brought here about this time, also the officers from Island No. 10, who caused quite a sensation in our prison. There were some fine musicians in the prison, and many hours that would have hung heavily upon our hands passed rapidly away when listening to the songs and music. Dr. Becker, a noted violinist from Nashville, was here for a short time.

In May, Colonel Battle, our gray-headed leader, was brought to prison from the battle of Shiloh, with several members of the regiment. All had been severely wounded; one, so badly, in the head that his recovery seemed almost miraculous. He was shot through the head, just below the eye.

(To be continued.)

Men die, but principles can know no death,
No last extinguishment of mortal breath.
We fought for what our fathers held in trust;
It did not fall forever in the dust.

James Ryder Randall.

PARSONS'S BRIGADE OF TEXAS CAVALRY.

BY GEORGE H. HOGAN, ADJUTANT PARSONS'S BRIGADE ASSOCIATION, ENNIS, TEX.

In writing of the services of this famous brigade of Texas cavalry, I will first mention that I enlisted in Company E, under Capt. John Brown, at Rocket Spring, on July 21, 1861, and was mustered out, or discharged, at Hempstead, Tex., on the 25th day of May, 1865. I wish to explain, also, the reason why, at this late date, I am performing a service to the Trans-Mississippi Department that other and better men in this old brigade have failed to do.

At our State and general reunions, I often hear remarks by the careless observer that "you fellows in the Trans-Mississippi didn't know what fighting was. You should have been with us under Lee and Jackson, Joe Johnston; then you could tell what a battle looked like." I have refuted these aspersions so long, and have seen so little in our beloved VETERAN about "our side of the river," that I am tempted to come to the front and tell of some of the operations as witnessed by a "high private" in our brigade as a refutation that we never saw any service on this side the river; and it is from a sense of duty to my old comrades that I undertake a brief synopsis of the grand work accomplished by those gallant men, nearly all asleep now on the other shore, as well as a justification of our annual meeting by the survivors of the great cause for which we sacrificed our young manhood and which the whole world now acknowledges was right.

So much by way of apology for my appearance in our VETERAN, I shall give facts, not heresay, in setting forth a true history of our beloved South for the benefit of coming generations.

After we were mustered into service in the 12th Regiment of Texas Cavalry, July 21, 1861, we were drilled incessantly by our gallant colonel from that time until the following April, 1862, in various parts of Texas. The last camp as main drill grounds was below Houston, on Sims's Bayou. From there we proceeded to Little Rock by easy stages, which became the base of our first operation in real warfare when we met the enemy for the first time on the 17th of May, 1862, at Searcy Lane, between Little Rock and Batesville, on White River. A short account of this fight in a Northern history stated that: "A column of 1,200 men was started out from Batesville, then General Curtis's headquarters, with objective point Little Rock, they met a large force of Rebels below Searcy and defeated them with great slaughter, killing and capturing over 320. But, finding the enemy much stronger than they had anticipated, they fell back to Batesville."

Now for the truth: Colonel Parsons sent out Major Rodgers with 175 men and officers as a scout to feel out the enemy, and found him in the aforesaid Searcy Lane. We had two men killed and three wounded. We killed and wounded 185, captured nineteen fine army ambulances, the whole medical corps, and several thousand dollars' worth of army stores. This battle gave General Curtis such a scare that he abandoned his trip to Little Rock and started to Helena, Ark. He sent a flag of truce to Colonel Parsons, addressed to "Gen. William H. Parsons, general commanding the advance of grand army of the West." Colonel Parsons and his regiment were all of the grand army of the West, then stationed at Little Rock, and the only obstacle in the way of Curtis's capture of Little Rock with his army corps of 20,000 men.

We were next organized into a brigade, composed of the 12th, 19th, and 21st Regiments, and Pratt's Battery, under General Howse, and, with the addition of Col. Charles Morgan, constituted what was known as Parsons's Brigade of

Texas Cavalry, which title it maintained until the close of the war. Our brigade was kept well recruited until the end, May, 1865. It was a noted fact that whether fighting as a company, battalion, or regiment, the brigade was never whipped until our last engagement at Yellow Bayou, in May, 1864, where eighty-four out of the 12th were killed in retreat before overwhelming numbers, several thousand strong against eight hundred of the old brigade.

The service of this brigade consisted mostly in scouting, advanced picket duty for the army behind it; being the eye of the Trans-Mississippi Department, as it were. We occupied a front at one time from Cape Girardeau to the mouth of Red River, as companies, stationed sometimes a hundred miles apart, where they were still subdivided into squads of two to five men, ever on the watch and ever ready for duty, no matter what the call.

I can best serve the purpose of this article by giving a letter from General Parsons to his old comrades on the occasion of our reunion in 1878, in which he rehearses some of the exploits of his old command. He wrote:

"To have been participants in common peril is a remembrance that naturally binds the survivors in common sympathy. To have participated in common triumphs intensifies the feeling of fellowship.

"But when the memories of once common perils and innumerable common triumphs are added to the privations endured and hardships and suffering undergone in common, the loss by our side in conflict and in hospital of messmate and comrade, the hours again and again when the 'light of battle on your faces,' I have been in the charge, in the long day's ordeal of death or the skirmish line, or when, the conflict over, the saddest of all, having succored the wounded, we discharged the farewell shots o'er the graves when our heroes we buried—these are treasured memories which unite the survivors and sanctify your reunion, these are scenes that call up recollections and stir emotions to evoke the profoundest sympathies and illustrate the kindesthip of our humanity and the brotherhood of men of the Twelfth and Nineteenth and the still living but absent veterans who shared events with us and to whom, in common with you all, on this occasion, I send greeting."

Colonel Parsons here gives a short history of our brigade. He says: "Thanks to the extraordinary skill and perfection in regimental evolution, the 12th Regiment, so largely composed of the flower of Ellis County, won the high honor a month after reaching the theater of war in Arkansas in 1862, when all other cavalry commands were dismounted, of being selected on account of proficiency to remain mounted and take first position alone until afterwards brigaded with the 19th Regiment under Colonel Burford.

"During a warfare of four years' incessant activities, the command participated in forty-eight distinctive engagements, mostly independent and unsupported, never sustaining a repulse except after a prolonged engagement with Admiral Porter's ironclads on Red River, and in the last battle of a forty days' series terminating at Yellow Bayou, La., in the finally triumphant expulsion of the Banks expedition from that valley in 1864. The scenes of your earliest regimental and brigade operations extended on the Mississippi River from Cape Girardeau, in Southeast Missouri, southward to the mouth of Red River; but at that date (1862), principally fronting Memphis and Helena, the base of the enemy's main army. Your outposts frequently covered one hundred miles front, guarding all approaches and acting as the argus eyes, the untiring scouts, of the incipient army that was organizing many miles to your rear while you were engaged in daily skirmishes with the enemy. There are other fields west of

Confederate Veteran.

the Mississippi, many gallant affairs of isolated detachment, like that to New Mexico, and some of primary and essential service on the Gulf Coast and in South Louisiana, which signalized the power of our arms by the unsupported efforts of small independent commands.

"The point, however, of perpetual menace and vital danger, especially to Texas, was the proximity of powerful Federal armies on the Mississippi front in the State of Arkansas, with that inland sea for their base of operations by fleets connecting with the very heart of their overwhelming resources, constantly hovering and ever ready to break through unguarded or too feebly held lines, their commanders coveting so much the occupation of our valley—first Arkansas, then Red River, as points of vantage, each to constitute a new base for an additional step for the final subjugation of Texas. Our lines once broken, whether on either Mississippi, Arkansas, or Red River, would have thrown open the approach to the invasion of Texas by the ever alert and powerful foe. The demonstrations at Sabine Pass and Brownsville and Galveston were only to divert us from the real point of attack, as there was no formidable land contingent in either case accompanying these demonstrations only made to distract attention from Texas, the real goal of their desires, and the real blow at last fell when they came in a converging attack on our northeastern border where your command kept faithful "watch and ward" through three long years of incessant activity.

"The slaughter of our brave youth and promising young manhood in the mountains of Virginia, Georgia, and Tennessee was an almost total contribution of life; but the services of the Trans-Mississippi Department, signalized by fewer stupendous engagements, have never been justly estimated in foiling again and again the intended invasion and devastation of Texas.

"Granting the mead of praise justly due other detachments west of the Mississippi, whether on the Upper Rio Grande, the Gulf Coast of Texas or Louisiana, yet this army of the Southwest always concentrated for action when not in motion, and, when inert, standing impatiently at their guns, sustaining its most painful losses in the scourges of camp life, but irresistible when the shock of battle came. This army has not yet found a historian to chronicle its renown or add its thrilling chapter to the general history of that gigantic conflict.

"The war by the South was strictly defensive; but while other States were scourged by ravaging armies, Texas alone was exempt from incursion, the only State with an army almost exclusively drawn from its own bosom whose sod was not crushed by the iron heel of the rapacious trooper.

"It is the high honor of your old brigade to have been the sleepless eye, whose untiring vigilance and intrepidity served as a cover to that gallant army's support, and who, whether in the incessant skirmish on the enemy's outposts or in lines, or repeated attacks upon gunboats on the White, the Mississippi, or Red Rivers with a disparity always amounting to temerity, impressed the enemy on your part with a conception of numbers that had no existence in reality.

"The Texas regiments of Virginia may have for a time succeeded in keeping the Federals out of Richmond, but the Army of the Trans-Mississippi, in whose praise no paens are sung, did keep formidable Federal armies out of Texas and never allowed a hostile foot to march over her soil. . . .

"It was in our first and earliest campaign, in 1862, in Arkansas, when not a single troop occupied a defensive position between Texas and the advancing columns of Curtis, flushed with his victory at Oak Hill and within two days' march of Little Rock—it was at this critical juncture that

your cavalry organization, after a forced march from the coast of Texas to the capital of Arkansas, instantly crossed the river and resolutely confronted and opposed the further advance of Curtis's army. Unsupported and alone, except for Colonel Fitzhugh's regiment upon the scene of action, and while terror reigned at the capital, you proceeded to engage the Federal army.

"The first terrific onset when, at close quarters, the destructive double-barrels of the old Twelfth threw the elite of the St. Louis regiments into dismay, converting their panic into a rout, so successfully impressed Curtis with the conviction that his farther advance was opposed by a newly arrived army that he precipitately fell back to the north bank of White River and hastened couriers to Grant at Corinth, demanding that a fleet with supplies and reinforcements be sent from Memphis up White River to form a junction with him on that stream at Des Arc. Changing his line of march down the east bank of that stream and under its cover, Curtis attempted the strategetic movement so fraught with peril to the Southwest. Again, however, ten miles east of Des Arc, at Cotton Plant, or Cash River, did our mere handful of Texas cavalry assail the head of Curtis's descending column, and the vigor of your attack successfully turned him from a junction with the fleet at Des Arc to a rapid retreat to the Mississippi, where he finally rested at Helena, and thus was foiled in his second attempt on Little Rock.

"If Curtis had succeeded in reaching Des Arc, he would have established a base of operation within forty miles with all rail routes to the heart of Arkansas valley, for it is a painful fact that we had no organized defense in our rear nearer than widely separated regiments en route to the front occupied by us.

"To these desperate and almost rash attacks upon formidable odds, followed in a short time by the capture of the entire 1st Wisconsin Cavalry by your command, and the subsequent vigorous maintenance of our perilous position between White River and Helena by our brigade, consisting of the 19th, Morgan's Battalion, 21st, and 12th, and the daily demonstration on the enemy's entire Mississippi lines—all small, indeed, by comparison with the more imposing and dramatic events of the far east, but momentous in results to the fortunes of the Trans-Mississippi Department, and especially to the fate of Texas—is due the defeat of the successive movements on Little Rock.

"Those unfamiliar with war saw in their operations but incidents of dash, and estimated values by the magnitude of a captured train and lives imperiled. Time early disclosed that we had thwarted the strategic efforts of Federal commanders in their cherished endeavors to occupy the 'feed trough' of the valley of the Arkansas. Time was thus secured to organize an army in our rear, commanded successively by Hindman, Holmes, and Kirby Smith; and at the close of the war the Federal forces had made no nearer successful approach from that quarter than the valley of the Arkansas itself. When the Arkansas Post fell with its entire garrison, your brigade covered the entire Mississippi front from its mouth to the Louisiana line, in frequent collision with coast guard gunboats; and when General Grant laid siege to Vicksburg, your column was moved (still an the river front) southwards across the line into Louisiana, in hearing of and facing the heavy guns, besieging that finally brought the downfall of that fated place.

"Here your command signalized itself by the capture of one and defeat of a second garrison of the Federals on the west bank near this point, and effectually disconcerted the

plantation experiments and every effort of the enemy to permanently penetrate and hold North Louisiana. The part borne by your command in the defeat and forty days' pursuit and hourly collision with Banks's army is better known because here, for the first time, we operated under the eye of our main army, whose advance you became by virtue of your veteran reputation, won during these campaigns as an independent command on the Mississippi outpost. Commencing with the attack on Admiral Porter's fleet the day following the battle of Mansfield, when the Admiral in his official report alleges such was the singular courage and hardihood of the assault on his ironclads by a soldiery without cover and armed alone with the rifle that it could only be accounted for (he reports) because the assailants were infuriated on Louisiana rum—when we lacked the necessary stimulant for our wounded in the hospitals.

"Commencing, we say, with this effort to intercept or disable the fleet, not a day or night elapsed during those forty days that the ring of your rifles was not heard around the line at Natchitoches, in the three days' battle with their rear army corps, on their retreat to Alexandria. During the incessant skirmish of weeks on its lines and taking up pursuit on its evacuation, the post of honor was again assigned you as an independent command to harass its rear, terminating with the last disastrous attack.

"In coöperating with the main body at Yellow Bayou, where out of two hundred and fifty-eight who participated on the 12th alone you sustained a loss in killed and wounded of eighty-three officers and men, or one-third of its then available strength. In this engagement, the 21st and Morgan's Battalion were operating actively on our right, and the 19th was held in reserve under fire, while the 12th occupied the extreme left in the line of battle resting on the bayou and charged with the main line, dismounted, across on open, plain, upon Gen. A. J. Smith's army corps entrenched in a dense wood beyond.

"This was the last engagement in which our brigade participated, as it was the last of the many fruitless attempts to penetrate the great State of Texas during the mighty four years' struggle. Thus you were participants in the first engagement and the last battle west of the Mississippi.

"I now file this record of your valor in justice to our gallant dead and you, comrades, as survivors who so gallantly exposed your breast to ball and bayonet to avert the perils of invasion of the State from which you were drawn. When the future historian of the Trans-Mississippi campaign shall make up his annals, he may narrate events of greater magnitude, but for immediate results to the fate and fortunes of Texas, few successful movements can be recorded of graver and more decisive significance than those which can be traced directly to your first campaign in Arkansas in 1862, when, unsupported, without any army in existence west of the Mississippi, a few Texas cavalry regiments at the remote front arrested the most dangerous stride of the war toward Texas, which would have followed the possession of Arkansas at that early day.

"But I do not essay the task of historian. I do desire, as your commander, to perpetuate for you and your children the deeds of arms, 'Whereof we all are witnesses' of the gallant men of the old command known as Parsons's Brigade of Texas Cavalry.

"The army of the west bank of the Mississippi was never defeated and only disbanded (70,000 strong) in one day. Simultaneously, with arms in their hands, in irregular masses, squads, or as individuals, they swarmed over the expanse of the State, wending their weary way to near or distant homes.

R.

It was an hour of thrilling suspense and supreme anxiety to the citizen. The almost absolute military authority which had so long existed abdicated abruptly and without notice. Civil government itself, as a startling fact, was dissolved.

"No legal authority, civil or military, existed. You marched as an organized and disciplined body of veterans to the counties of your original enlistment, your homes, and for weeks voluntarily maintained your armed primary organizations for the protection of society until a tidal wave of threatened anarchy had subsided.

"This single memorable incident of voluntary protection, when no executive authority, civil or military, existed, is sufficient refutation of all imputations upon either your discipline as soldiers or your honor as men. The vaunted annals of kingship in the days of chivalry present no prouder record of such voluntary sacrifice for the protection of the helpless than when, in a spirit of simple manhood, devotion to duty, in sight of your own homes with discipline unbroken, you maintained 'Watch and Ward' 'When all was lost save honor.'

"As protectors at the distant front when invasion threatened, or as conservators of order at home in the face of anarchy, Texas will yet in her annals honor the men of your old cavalry brigade who, first in front and thus last on duty, ever held the post of peril and honor."

The foregoing tribute by Col. W. H. Parsons to the survivors of our old brigade gives a short and true account of its splendid service for four long years, west of the Mississippi, and, as a humble member, I glory in its history as a unit in our gallant Western army. While its full history has never been written by a competent Southern pen, between us, the survivors, there is a bond that nothing in life can sever. To us in common there are memories of years of sleepless vigilance, fatigues of camp life, privations of the march, hunger, thirst, wounds, even life itself, for which all was made a freewill offering in our youthful days. The cause for which we fought has been vindicated in our old age, and we hand this down to our posterity as a priceless gift to all who trace their blood to members of our old command. I have practically copied Colonel Parsons's last words to his old soldiers, which vindicates my oft-repeated assertions that Parsons's Brigade, in regard to point of service during the sixties, stands in the front of all service rendered by any command in the Trans-Mississippi Department. Our Daughters of the Confederacy are collecting true data of the South's achievement during our great struggle; the foregoing is only a compendium, as it were, showing what one brigade could do, and I contribute as my mite to them for a truthful version, also to show the debt Texas owes us, the remnants of a once-powerful unit, in her service.

I here copy a general order from General Steele, at one time our division commander:

"IN THE FIELD, MAY 30, 1864.

"The brigadier general commanding is desirous of expressing to those who served under him during the recent campaign his appreciation of their services. Coming among you at a time when the qualities of men were severely tested, he has found in you the elements of soldiers and free men—courage, perseverance, and patient endurance of hunger and fatigue. During a pursuit of unexampled pertinacity, you have displayed all these qualities.

"To the officers and men of the 12th, 19th, and 21st, and Morgan's Battalion; of Masty's, Barnes's, and West's Batteries, also Hume's section of the Val Verde Battery, who have served under him at different times, he is happy to state that you have done well, none have done better, and it has

Confederate Veteran.

been the aim of the undersigned to save every man possible, your severe loss will show that the part you have taken has not been a light one.

WILLIAM STEELE,
Brigadier General, Commander of Division."

THE TRAGEDY OF DEVIL'S DEN.

CONTRIBUTED BY MISS JANE NELLIE HOGE, RICHMOND, VA.

The Rev. B. Lacy Hoge, pastor of the Baptist Church at Beckley, W. Va., died there on September 12, 1924. He was born in the Roanoke Valley, in Montgomery County, near Blacksburg, Va., the son of James Fulton and Eliza Johnston Hoge, the youngest of ten children.

The eldest son of this family, Andrew J. Hoge, was killed at the battle of Gettysburg. A picture of the young soldier, who entered the army at the age of sixteen, can be seen in Volume IX of the "Photographic History of the Civil War." He lies stretched at the foot of "Devil's Den," with his gun leaning against the cliff. His handsome form caught the eye of the photographer, and under the original was written: "Whatever the results of the war, for this fine manly young Southern boy it is over."

He and several comrades had gone to this place after the battle was over, thinking they were safely hid, and were resting with their backs against the wall of stone, when a stray bomb fell and burst in his lap. All of the crowd fled except his cousin, Capt. John T. Howe, who, in danger to his own life, remained and cut the blanket from his shoulder and placed it under his head, brought water from a near-by stream and gave him drink, then placed the canteen between his elbow and body, received his dying messages, and closed for him his eyes, then himself fled from where stray bullets were falling. For years a father and mother wept and yearned and hoped, all in vain, that their boy might come up among the "missing" of those times.

When the Confederate dead were removed to Hollywood, his remains were identified by the Rev. Moses D. Hoge from faded papers in his pocket and a daguerreotype (which was buried with him) of his beautiful cousin, Helen Hoge, who later became Mrs. D. W. Mason. The "Photographic History" says he lay unburied in this secluded spot for a year.

The first intimation the family had of this picture was from an advertising sheet sent out by the *Review of Reviews*. The figure of the young soldier was recognized by ex-Gov. J. Hoge Tyler as that of his cousin, Andrew Johnston Hoge, and the leaflet was given to his sister, the writer of this article, by a friend.

Of the family of ten, to which he belonged, only two remain.

"They grew in beauty side by side,
They filled one home with glee,
Their graves are severed far and wide,
By mountain stream and sea."

ERROR.—The VETERAN calls attention to a mistake in the address of J. B. Boothe, author of the article on the "Tallahatchie Rifles, 'Cap' Houston," appearing in the December number, by which he was located at Lexington, Ky., when it should have been Lexington, Miss., Box 378. It is hoped that this correction will enable those whose letters may have been returned to now get in communication with Comrade Boothe.

WAR INCIDENTS.

BY J. M. RICHARDS, WEATHERFORD, TEX.

A near neighbor of mine is Comrade W. A. Massie, a most excellent gentleman and whose truthfulness I will vouch for. He was born and reared in Virginia, served as a courier for Gen. R. E. Lee, and received a Minie ball through his left shoulder in the battle of Fredericksburg. He tells an interesting story of how the kind-heartedness of Mrs. U. S. Grant on one occasion saved a Confederate from capture.

Prof. Rainey Fielding and Mrs. Grant were cousins and lived in the same neighborhood in Missouri during several months of the war. After the war, Professor Fielding went to Texas and for a time taught school in Parker County, then the home of Comrade Massie, and the two became very friendly and often recounted their experiences in the sixties. Mr. Massie says Fielding told him that one day in 1864 there came to him a Confederate soldier who had slipped into the territory occupied by Federals that he might visit his home for a day or two. This had been reported to the Federal authorities, and a detail of soldiers had been sent out to capture him. The Confederate appealed to Fielding to help him to escape, and Fielding conceived the idea of sending his friend to the home of Mrs. Grant, with whom the Professor was quite friendly. So he directed the soldier to go there and take a seat on her front porch as though he had been invited, as the Yankees would never look for him at her home. This advice the Johnny Reb followed, though not without much fear of capture. Shortly after he had thus seated himself, Mrs. Grant, looking out, saw some Federal soldiers coming up the road which passed her house, and they halted at the front gate, which was some distance from the house. She sent her small son to the gate to tell the soldiers, if they asked who lived there, that it was the home of Mrs. General Grant. After being thus informed, the officer naturally decided that to search the home occupied by the wife of his famous general would be an insult to the family, so he passed on, leaving the audacious Confederate calmly looking on—"so near and yet so far." Under cover of night, Johnny Reb returned to his friends in Dixie. A few days later, Mrs. Grant, meeting Professor Fielding, smilingly said to him: "Don't send any more of your Rebel friends to my house. If you do, I will deliver them up. It does not look well for the wife of a general to harbor his enemies."

This incident demonstrates not only the audacity of a brave man in the face of imminent danger, but also the sympathy of a noble woman.

Comrade Massie also related that while he was on the way to the hospital after receiving his wound, it happened that Colonel Mosby was on the same train, and he heard the latter tell that about the closest place he had ever been in was one time when he had stopped at the house of a friend, and soon after a squad of Yankee cavalry rode up to the house and asked permission to search it, saying they were hunting for Colonel Mosby, who, they had been informed, had been seen in that community. The lady of the house graciously consented, but added: "While you are at liberty to search my home, I have one request, that you will not disturb or excite a very sick man who is confined to his bed." To this the Yankee officer politely assented. In the meantime Mosby had taken off his uniform, placed it under the pillow, and crawled into bed, drawing the covering well up. The officer came in the room and looked Mosby straight in the face, but did not recognize him; he then searched other rooms and left. Mosby's comment was that this was his "closest shave," or the narrowest escape from capture he had ever experienced.

ASHBY.

BY ARTHUR LOUIS PETICOLAS.

Silver clear above the river,
Hear the bugle calling!
Through the forest by the river,
O'er the hills and o'er the river,
Shades of night are falling;
While the dusky echoes wakening,
Airy, fairy music making—
Ashby's bugle calling!
Matchless horseman of the Valley!
Knightly horseman of the Valley!
Ashby's bugle calling.

Wakeful pickets by the river,
Keeping watch and ward;
Soldiers sleeping by the river,
By the rapid, rushing river,
On the velvet sward;
'Neath the stars of midnight gleaming,
Stonewall's army peaceful dreaming,
Ashby's keeping guard!
Matchless horseman of the Valley!
Knightly horseman of the Valley.
Ashby keeping guard.

Loud and clear above the river,
Hear the rifles ringing!
Flaming guns that set a quiver
All the echoes by the river,
Songs of death are singing:
Through the raging fight, and after,
Hears the foe, like mocking laughter,
Ashby's bugle ringing!
Matchless horseman of the Valley!
Knightly horseman of the Valley!
Ashby's bugle ringing.

Well the Valley, well the river,
Knew the silver tone;
Knew the steeds whose hoof beats ever
Woke the echoes by the river.
White, and black, and roan
Were the steeds of valiant mettle,
Were the three that bore to battle
Ashby's self alone!
Matchless horseman of the Valley!
Knightly horseman of the Valley!
Ashby's self alone.

But no more beside the river
Ashby's steeds career;
And no more the rushing river,
Hill and vale and rushing river,
Ashby's bugle hear;
Nevermore in charge or rally
Wakes the echoes of the Valley
Ashby's bugle clear!
Matchless horseman of the Valley!
Knightly horseman of the Valley!
That we loved so dear.

In a sunshine gilded meadow
Fell that battle day:
Ashby formed us in the shadow
Of a wood; below, the meadow
Flower spangled lay;

While beyond, with pomp and daring,
Wyndham came with trumpets blaring,
Charging to the fray!
Futile all his pomp and daring,
Futile all his trumpets blaring,
Proved that fatal day.

Three fierce volleys, then a tempest
Set the echoes ringing!
Sweetly clear a silver tempest,
Deadly clear a silver tempest—
Ashby's bugle singing!
Down we charged on Wyndham's squadrons,
Charged on Wyndham's reeling squadrons,
All our sabers swinging!
Charged, and broke, and rode them over,
Stained with blood the meadow clover,
All our sabers swinging!

Riflemen beside the meadow
Swept the volleyed field;
From the copse beside the meadow,
Volleyed woodland by the meadow,
Back our footmen reeled!
Ashby spurred to lead them, crying:
"Charge!" They charged, but he was lying
Dead upon the field!
Matchless horseman of the Valley!
O loved horseman of the Valley!
Dead upon the field!

Sadly sweet the bugle's calling
Over Ashby's bier!
Soft and low the bugle's calling
As the shades of night are falling,
But he does not hear.
Stilled forever by the river.
In the Valley, by the river,
Ashby's bugle clear!
Matchless horseman of the Valley!
Knightly horseman of the Valley!
That we loved so dear.

RIGHT TO THE POINT.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND CORPS, A. N. V.

To Gen. Jubal A. Early, commanding Division.

General: General Jackson's compliments to General Early, and he would like to be informed why he saw so many stragglers in rear of your Division to-day.

Respectfully,

A. G. PENDLETON, A. A. G. Second Corps.

HEADQUARTERS EARLY'S DIVISION, A. N. V.

To Col. A. G. Pendleton, A. A. G. Second Corps.

Colonel: General Early's compliments to General Jackson, and he takes pleasure in informing him that he saw so many stragglers in rear of my Division to-day probably because he rode in rear of my Division.

Respectfully,

JUBAL A. EARLY, Commanding Division.

"Of course, nobody but 'Old Jube' would have presumed to flip Stonewall in that way," writes R. W. Macpherson, of Toronto, Canada ("a good old Rebel" of the far North), who copied it from Major Stiles's book on the artillery of the A. N. V.

Confederate Veteran.

A SOUTHERN WOMAN'S BRAVERY.

BY CAPT. RICHARD N. REA, LAKE PROVIDENCE, LA.

In the year 1863, that famous old house burner, Gen. W. T. Sherman, began his destructive campaign from Vicksburg to the line of Eastern Mississippi, destroying everything of value in the front of his army. He made this line of battle as far-reaching and destructive as his later Georgia campaign, at which time the women, old men, and ministers of Atlanta got upon their knees and prayed him to spare their homes and city. With the same spirit as then manifested, he now waged his war of flame and destruction. The depopulation of the country soon followed, every freight and flat car being filled with people leaving to take up their residence among strangers. In his march to East Mississippi not a thing of value was left to the women and children. Desolation and want hovered over the land, the citizens of the State suffering almost starvation.

When this heroic army of a proud nation reached Brandon, sixteen or eighteen miles from Jackson, they found a beautiful fire-proof courthouse of great value. Sherman planned to destroy it, and every wagon team was put to hauling logs, pine knots, and every kind of combustible materials, and his large force soon had piled about the courthouse a solid mass of timber, saturated with oil, and, after it was set on fire, Sherman's heroic army moved on to other similar conquests.

Strange as it may seem, the courthouse did not burn, though there was left on each side of the building a big pile of ashes.

Brandon was the home of some of Mississippi's greatest men, among them Col. Robert Lowry, Governor McLaurin, Maj. Pat Henry, Col. W. K. Easterling, Hon. Edmund Richardson, Hon. Joseph M. Jayne, and the editor of the Brandon *Republican*, the Hon. A. J. Frantz, Col. W. H. Clark, who was killed at the battle of Altona with the regimental flag in his hands, was also one of its honored citizens. All of them have passed away except Maj. Pat Henry, of the 5th Mississippi Regiment. He was and is a fine specimen of the old school Southern gentleman.

From Brandon, Sherman moved rapidly east, with Meridian as his objective. His well-organized army, by forced marches, soon reached the flourishing little town and destroyed it with the torch, its citizens suffering all kinds of misfortune. Here most of the Federal army went into camp, and soon a perfect system of foraging was inaugurated, and the county of Lauderdale was reduced to a starving condition.

The rest of Sherman's heroes were ordered to Marion, a town some five miles from Meridian. The commander of this detachment made diligent inquiry for my father's place of residence, my father and his two sons being at that time in camp at Resaca, Ga., and consequently far away from these interesting events at their home as planned by the Federals. My brave mother made every effort to protect her home, and buried all things of value the night before the arrival of the Federal troops in our town.

Many years before the war my mother had been initiated into the side degrees of Masonry, similar to the Eastern Star of the present day, little thinking of the help it might be to her in later life. We had quite a quantity of silver and three thousand dollars in gold, which she packed in a box and buried under a beautiful water oak tree at a late hour in the night. All the valuables of our home having been also secreted, my poor mother, as a solitary sentinel, guarded these family treasures while my two little sisters slept in peace, no doubt dreaming of daddy and brothers far away in Georgia.

Shortly after the sun was up, the enemy entered our town with a regiment of Wisconsin troops in the lead, and a company of cavalry, without invitation, hitched their horses to the huge swinging branches of our beautiful oak tree. Just at this time my mother, Mrs. Margaret Rea, made her appearance with her two little girls. She was ready for the early callers, and very soon the skirmishing began. However, a vicious horse, hitched directly over our treasure box, uncovered it and the silver and gold flew in every direction. With great bravery, the Yankees charged our sole furtune, and were making fine progress in their heroic attack. At this critical moment, my mother made the Masonic sign of distress, and at once the Wisconsin captain and others drew their swords and pistols and surrounded the robbers.

This brave officer succeeded in getting every piece of silver and gold, and returned our treasure box intact to my mother. He then placed a guard around our home, and slept upon the gallery himself as long as the Federal army occupied our once pretty village, which was the county seat of Lauderdale County. My mother told this Wisconsin captain she would pray for his return to his home in safety, and that she never would forget his kindness. In three or four days, the Federal troops folded their tents and made a hasty retreat to Vicksburg.

As to whether Masonry is a protection in the hour of danger, I know it is from actual experience.

The Federals had used the ground floor of the courthouse, in which part of the building the court sessions were held, for a stable to protect their horses from the inclement weather. As was their custom with such public buildings, when ready to leave they set fire to the courthouse, with all the public records in the second story. My mother and my two little sisters succeeded in putting out the fire after a hard fight, and this saved the fine old building and the public records of the county; yet, after the lapse of fifty-nine years, I have never seen a single reference in print to this heroic deed of a Southern woman. The town was burned, not a single business house being left.

My father was Lieut. Col. Constantine Rea, who died from wounds received in the Georgia campaign, after suffering the second amputation of his right leg. He is buried in the old Marion Cemetery by the side of his brave wife. He was lieutenant colonel of a battalion of sharpshooters for a long time, and no officer in the army had a better individual record or was held in higher esteem by his brother officers of the Army of Tennessee. He was a brave and accomplished officer, a loving husband, and a devoted father. Dear father, your boy is now eighty years of age, and feels that in the near future he will meet you among those gallant soldiers who have gone on before us.

When these exciting scenes were taking place in Marion, a large force of cavalry was busy in the effort to wrong or kill the old men remaining at home. Among these extreme sufferers was an old man, Mr. Feaster Foy, who was at home with his wife when a large force of Federal cavalry came up and demanded his money, which they had learned he had buried. On his declining to turn it over, they, in the presence of his wife, produced a rope, placed it around his neck, and, throwing the end over a limb of a near-by tree, proceeded to execute their threat. Very soon they let him down to the ground, asking him if he were willing to give up the money he had buried on his plantation. The victim again answered: "No." They drew him up the second time, and then the third time, when after his life was nearly gone, a large detachment of Confederate cavalry suddenly appeared on the scene and the Federals disappeared.

This friend of the long ago was a wealthy planter and a fine citizen. The "Feaster Foy Grays," commanded by Capt. W. P. Andrews, was uniformed and equipped by this patriotic citizen. Though he never fully recovered from this trying experience, he lived to an honored old age.

DIXIE

I sat one night in a theater
And watched the assembling crowd,
Which came from various walks of life,
From the poor to the rich and proud.

The empty seats were at last all filled
And we waited the curtain's rise,
While the orchestra played a medley of airs,
Suggestive of Southern skies.

The audience listened with nonchalance
To "Lay Down the Shovel and the Hoe,"
To the plaintive notes of "Ole Virginny,"
And the sad refrain of "Old Black Joe."

When, suddenly, up from the orchestra pit
Came the gay, throbbing notes of a song
That still has power to quicken the pulse
And stir to emotion the throng.

'Twas "Dixie," of old, the South's battle hymn,
And its hearers seemed held in a thrall,
For several moments dead silence prevailed,
While one might have heard a pin fall.

Then, as if all were released from a spell,
Came a burst of unstinted applause
That swept o'er the house from the pit to the roof,
With a warmth that the coldest heart thaws.

While from aloft came a wild, piercing scream,
Ear-splitting, defiant as well—
Time was when its note caused the bravest to quail—
'Twas the blood curdling "old rebel yell."

Then the orchestra switched to a different air,
And the crowd became quiet and composed,
As I puzzled my brain to determine the cause
Of the sudden emotion disclosed.

The words of the song are childish and trite,
While the music is merely a jingle,
Why then, should its playing enthuse every crowd,
Setting every one's nerves all a tingle?

'Twas strange, but at last I began to perceive
That even the song as a whole
Mattered not, but the spirit it stood for
Was the thing that gripped the soul.

'Twas the symbol of a chivalric race,
That everything dared and lost,
But still fought on, and on, and on,
Never stopping to count the cost.

Tho' fighting 'gainst odds and hunger and cold,
High spirits and courage they kept,

Until their great leader surrendered his sword,
And then, and then only, they wept.

This is the thought that moves the hearts
Of those who hear the song,
Which never will fail to awaken a thrill,
Tho' the years be many and long.

And those who so proudly gave of their all,
And more, for a cause they deemed just,
E'en tho' defeated, shall ever retain
Our eternal love and trust.

—C. A. Moreno, Missouri Division Commander, S. C. V.

THE SOUTHLAND MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

In the following, Comrade S. O. Moodie, of the Dick Dowling Camp, U. C. V., of Houston, Tex., gives an account of the organization and purposes of the Southland Memorial Association, of which he writes:

"On the 5th of June, 1924, at our reunion in Memphis, I presented to the convention in the name of Dick Dowling Camp No. 197, U. C. V., a resolution looking to the establishment of a great Southland memorial to the women of the Confederacy, intending thereby to honor all those noble souls who for four long years suffered so many hardships, made so many sacrifices, and performed such noble service in behalf of the Confederacy. The resolution was adopted by unanimous vote.

"The Texas Division, having initiated the movement, took it up again at the State reunion at Fort Worth, October 3, and, after reendorsing the Memphis resolution, adopted articles of association and provided for a board of trustees, consisting of fourteen veterans, fourteen Sons of Veterans, and fourteen Daughters of the Confederacy, to serve for the first five years, after which the control of the Association property and franchise will pass solely to the Sons and Daughters in perpetuity. The purposes for which the Association was organized are declared to be: To raise funds, purchase grounds, establish, maintain, and operate a first-class institution of learning, to embrace all departments of science, art, and literature, to be opened to all white students of the United States on like terms and conditions, and to be operated on a strictly nonpartisan, nonsectional, and non-sectarian basis; and, when ready for matriculation of students, to be dedicated to the memory of the women of the Confederacy.

The board of trustees met on the 21st of November, 1924, and elected Gen. J. M. Cockran as president, Mrs. Joe Rowe as secretary, and Lon A. Smith as treasurer. I was elected vice president for the Veterans; Judge R. H. Buck, of Austin, for the Sons; and Mrs. Ella Steven Watson, for the United Daughters of the Confederacy. I was made director for solicitors, and now have begun functioning on behalf of the Association, and hope soon to be able to send out a prospectus fully outlining the work undertaken. We hope to make this the crowning act of our lives, the pride of the South, the Mecca to which students can come in future years, and, while supping at the fount of knowledge, behold evidence of the noble part played in that great struggle by the women of the Confederacy.

"Membership fee, only \$1.00. Contributions at the pleasure of the donors."

THE EAST ROLL

Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$3.00 each.

THE LONG SLEEP.

BY MILLARD CROWDUS, NASHVILLE, TENN.

All is still, the hush of twilight
Shrouds the silent, brooding hills—
Just the picket line of cedars
Guards the meadow and the rills.

And the silver moon comes peeping,
Jealous of its rival god;
All is still where they lie sleeping
In their sacred, hallowed sod.

GEN. C. A. REED, U. C. V.

Gen. Clifton A. Reed, Honorary Commander South Carolina Division, U. C. V., died at his home in Anderson, S. C., November 10, 1924.

In the death of General Reed a shadow of sadness is cast over Anderson, where he was greatly loved by all who entertained his friendship. Not only there is his death deplored, but also throughout the organization of the United Confederate Veterans, in which he was a predominating character for several years and to which he had given many years of his life in advancing the organization for the welfare of his comrades.

Earnest and enthusiastic in his love for the cause of the Southern Confederacy, he left home, a mere boy, seventeen years of age, and enlisted as a private in the Rutledge Mounted Rifles, afterwards Company B, 7th South Carolina Cavalry. After a year or so of service on the coast, his command was ordered to Virginia. At the cavalry fight at Haw's Shop, he was wounded in both hands, his right hand being so badly injured that it had to be amputated. Ever since the war, General Reed had been one of the outstanding



GEN. C. A. REED.

figures among the veterans of his State. In recognition of his invaluable service and untiring efforts in behalf of his comrades, he was honored by the members by election to several high offices. He had been a member of the staff of every commanding officer for several consecutive years, with the rank of colonel, and he was later elected brigadier general of the Second South Carolina Brigade, U. C. V., and later being made Commander of the South Carolina Division. Following his voluntary retirement from this office, he was elected Honorary Commander for Life of that Division.

General Reed was a leading merchant of the flourishing town of Anderson and achieved remarkable success in his business ventures, acquiring a fortune, which enabled him to enjoy in ease and comfort his declining years. He was a courteous Southern gentleman, and won the love of all. He was a public-spirited citizen, giving his means, time, and brains to the upbuilding of his community and State. He was, to crown it all, a Christian, a member of the Baptist Church. Peace to his soul!

[C. I. Walker, Charleston, S. C.]

DR. THOMAS MEREDITH WYATT.

Dr. Thomas Meredith Wyatt was born in Blount County, Tenn., in 1842, and died at his home in Bentonville, Ark., on August 17, 1923. He served in the Confederate army as a member of Company F, 14th Tennessee Infantry. After the war he studied dentistry and completed the course at Louisville, Ky., then practiced in that State, later on emigrating to Arkansas, going by boat from Memphis to Little Rock by way of the Arkansas River. He settled at Dardanelle and resumed the practice of dentistry. In 1875 he removed to Russellvills, where he built up an extensive practice. He was a progressive student of his profession and was one of the founders of the Dental Association of Arkansas.

In 1871, Dr. Wyatt was married to Miss Lizzie J. Parker, daughter of Rev. John C. Parker, of Parkersburg, and their happy married life lasted through more than fifty years, she surviving him. In 1890 they made their home at Bentonville. Several orphan children were reared within their home and were a credit to the training there received. Dr. Wyatt was very charitable, a friend to those in need. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, from 1870, and a Mason of high standing, a Knight Templar, and the Bentonville Lodge acted as escort and conducted the Masonic ceremonies at the grave. His casket was draped in the flag of the Confederacy, whose cause he had upheld through four long years of war, and to whose principles he was ever devoted. He was a member of the Ku-Klux Klan of Reconstruction Days, and did his part toward the restoration of law and order throughout his country. He loved to talk of his experiences as a soldier of the Confederacy and often told the thrilling incident of his capture with a friend, and how they escaped.

Beside his wife, Dr. Wyatt is survived by a half brother, William Wyatt, of Stewart County, Tenn.

[From tribute by Mrs. Corinna Parker Burns.]

R. A. SMITH CAMP, JACKSON, MISS.

W. J. Brown, Adjutant, reports the recent loss of two members of R. A. Smith Camp No. 24 U. C. V., of Jackson, Miss.—J. Frank Price, of Company D, 2nd North Carolina Cavalry, who died October 17; and J. A. Terry, Company H, 18th Mississippi Infantry, who died November 6; both good comrades and sadly missed.

MAJ. W. G. ALLEN.

Maj. William Gibbs Allen, whose death occurred at Dayton, Tenn., on November 27, 1924, was one of those who won fame for gallantry and daring bravery as a soldier of the Confederacy. His war record was both as private and as officer, he having served the greater part of the war as adjutant to Col. F. W. McKenzie. He was also a scout for Gen. Joe Wheeler, piloting the command of this intrepid leader across the Tennessee River, at Cotton Port, on one occasion. He was in twenty-two battles and was wounded several times, it being told that he had a half dozen horses shot under him.

Major Allen belonged to the famous old Allen family of Mississippi, being a close relative of "Private" John Allen, and on his mother's side related to William Gibbs McAdoo, former Secretary of the Treasury. He was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Valentine Allen, III, and a brother of the late Chancellor V. C. Allen, Judge N. Q. Allen, Maj. R. Allen, Thomas Allen, and R. L. Allen, of Dayton, the latter being the only survivor of the six brothers. Mrs. Fannie Arrants, of Dedatur, is a sister, and W. B. Allen, Clerk and Master of Rhea County, is his nephew.

Before the war Major Allen was an official of Rhea County, when the county seat was at old Washington. He was also a merchant there, and after the war he resumed his business and became one of the leading citizens of the county, his home being a gathering place for political conferences in those early years of peace. He was an ardent Democrat and advocate of prohibition.

Major Allen had a remarkable memory and retained vivid recollections of past events and had contributed many interesting chapters to the history of the war and early times in his section of the State. He was a man of the highest sense of honor, aggressive, of splendid business ability, and a Christian in its truest sense, being for years a devout member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He was a native of Jackson County, Ala., but his parents had removed to Rhea County while he was still in his teens, hence he grew up in Rhea County and always regarded himself as a Tennessean. He is survived by one son, John G. Allen, of Dayton, and two daughters, Mrs. J. O. Benson, of Chattanooga, and Mrs. Miller, of California.

Death came to him suddenly, and as he would have wished, while still enjoying the vigor of an active life, though in his eighty-ninth year. But it brought pain and sorrow to his hundreds of friends through that section of the State who appreciated his active and honorable part in life.

W. G. CORN.

Another one of the "Old Guard" has passed with the death of W. G. Corn, of Estill Springs, Tenn., who "crossed over the river to rest under the shade of the trees" on November 28, 1924. He was born September 10, 1843, and enlisted in April, 1861, when a little over seventeen years of age, in Company D, 17th Tennessee Infantry, and surrendered with this regiment in North Carolina in April, 1865, having served full four years.

He professed religion at the age of twelve years and joined the Missionary Baptist Church at Bethpage, and lived a consistent Christian life to his death.

As a soldier he performed every duty cheerfully and courageously, whether in battle, in camp, or on the march.

As a citizen he was upright, honest, and charitable, and his life and deeds among his neighbors speak for themselves.

All in all, he has left a record of which his relatives and friends may be proud.

[W. W. Courtney.]

CAPT. HENRY H. MARMADUKE.

Capt. Henry Hungerford Marmaduke, doubtless the last of those who participated in the first battle of ironclads, died in Washington, D. C., on November 14, 1924, at the age of eighty-two years. Interment was in Arlington National Cemetery, with full military honors.

Captain Marmaduke was born in Saline County, Mo., the son of M. M. Marmaduke, governor of Missouri in 1844; and his elder brother, John S. Marmaduke, was elected governor of Missouri in 1884. He was the last of the family of six brothers and three sisters and had never married. He left Missouri at the age of sixteen to enter the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, and when the war came on in 1861, he became a midshipman in the Confederate navy, serving first with the fleet at New Orleans. When the Merrimac was fitted out as the ironclad Virginia, he was assigned to that vessel as a gunner, and directed a gun crew of fourteen men during that historic combat with the Monitor in Hampton Roads; and his bravery in this encounter while seriously wounded was officially recognized by Admiral Buchanan. Later he was assigned to the Shenandoah, and then to the Albemarle, until it was destroyed by Cushing's torpedo boat. In 1865 he was placed in command of the naval batteries on James River in front of Richmond, and, after the fall of that city, he commanded a company in the naval brigade and was wounded and captured in the battle of Sailor's Creek. At the close of the war he was in prison at Johnson's Island. Two of his brothers had been killed in action.

Since the war most of his life had been spent in Washington. For some years he was superintendent of the Consular Bureaus of the South American Republics, until 1902, when he was asked by the Colombian government to man the warship Bogota with an American crew, and with which he chased rebel ships up and down the coast. After the Colombian government won the war, Marmaduke was discharged with thanks and returned to his own country, feeling that he was past the age for further adventures of the kind. Since then he had lived in Washington, where he was connected with the Bureau of Republics for some years, later being agent for the collection of Confederate records in the office of Navy Records, from which he had retired.

Z. T. JOHNSON.

Z. T. Johnson, seventy-seven years of age, died at his home in Weatherford, Tex., on December 8, after an illness of several years. He was born June 4, 1847, at Clinton, N. C., where he was reared and lived to middle age. When the War between the States broke out, he joined Company B, 40th Regiment North Carolina Artillery, and served until the close of the war. Returning home, he again took up the everyday affairs of life and helped to build up his devastated country. On October 20, 1870, he was married to Miss Martha Ann Patterson, and thirteen years later they left North Carolina to make their home in Texas.

Comrade Johnson was a carpenter and contractor by trade, and at one time did much of the building in Weatherford and Parker County. Numbers of buildings now standing were erected by him. He was a member of the Methodist Church, and had lived a consistent Christian life since joining the Church in 1863.

Besides his wife, he is survived by three sons and five daughters.

After funeral services at the family home, his body was laid away in Greenwood Cemetery to await the resurrection morn.

Confederate Veteran.

MAJ. HIRAM FERRIL.

Died, at his home in Marshall, Mo., on May 24, 1924, Maj. Hiram Ferril.

He was born at Miami, Mo., November 30, 1837, and was therefore in his eighty-seventh year. He was the son of Henry and Martha Jones Ferril, pioneer settlers and founders of Miami. In 1866 he married Miss Eliza North Cruzen, daughter of Richard R. Cruzen, of Harper's Ferry, Va. Their only child, a son, died in infancy.

In 1861, young Ferril was studying law in Carroll County, Mo., and when Governor Jackson's first call to arms went out, he enlisted in Company B, 1st Regiment, Fourth Division, Missouri State Guard Infantry, for six months. He was severely wounded at Wilson's Creek, and also participated in the battle of Lexington, Mo. After being mustered out, he again enlisted in December, and was captured with the regiment a few days later, as they were going South. He was then a prisoner in St. Louis and Alton, Ill., until exchanged at Vicksburg in 1862. In the reorganization, he was elected first lieutenant of Company H, 9th Missouri Infantry, with which he served until the surrender at Alexandria, La., June 7, 1865, except when detached as post agent at Little Rock and Camden, Ark., and as adjutant of a cavalry regiment in the battle of Pine Bluff. He was in the battle at Gaines's Landing on the Mississippi River, also at Pleasant Hill, La., and Jenkins's Ferry, Ark.

About the year 1880, he was appointed deputy county clerk, served six years, and was then elected county clerk in 1886, and served four years. Judge Ferril, as his friends called him, was appointed a justice of the peace for Marshal Township in 1895, and, reelected without opposition, served as such until his death and as police judge of Marshal. He was a friend to every one, ever kind and ready to help.

[G. R. Cruzen, Shelby's Brigade.]

ABSALOM C. HARRISON.

Absalom Clinton Harrison, born December 10, 1841, in Perry County, Ala., the son of Samuel T. and Ann' White Harrison, died at his home in Alto, Tex., July 8, 1924.

"Uncle Ab," as he was lovingly called by all who knew him, spent almost his entire life in and near Alto, his father having settled near that little town in 1854. He moved with his family to town in 1876, and continued to live there until his death. In 1868 he married Miss Virginia Fisher, only daughter of Green A. and Nancy Christian Fisher, and to them were born five children, only one, a son, Sam F. Harrison, surviving him, his wife having passed away in 1912.

My father had only the advantages of the rural schools of his day, but he was a great reader and had a wonderful memory. He entered the Confederate service in 1862, serving with Company A, 18th Texas Infantry, Walker's Division, and was discharged at the close of the war at Camp Martin, near Rusk, Tex., where he was serving as quartermaster. After the war he engaged in farming until 1876, when he engaged in the drug business in Alto, and continued, with his son as partner, until his death. He was also vice president and director of the Continental State Bank from its organization. He was a devout Christian, a member of the Missionary Baptist Church from early boyhood. He was a "dyed-in-the-wool Democrat," it was his boast that he never scratched the Democratic ticket. He never lost his love for the Confederate cause and never liked to hear the expression "Lost Cause," as he did not think the cause was ever lost. He with one other, who has died since his passing, were the last of his company, all gone, but none forgotten.

[Sam F. Harrison.]

JOHN WILLIAM MARKWOOD.

John William Markwood, a prominent citizen of Mineral County, W. Va., son of Henry and Mary Markwood, died at his home in Ridgeville on October 15, 1924, at the age of eighty-two years. His death was the result of a fall. He

was born, reared, and lived his entire life at the place where he died except the four years he served the Confederacy. He was a member of the famous McNeill Rangers that did valiant duty for the Southland and which was composed of the best men of that section. He was one of the men who assisted in the capture of Generals Crook and Kelly in Cumberland, Md., on February 25, 1865, just before the close of the war.

After overcoming almost insurmountable difficulties in entering Cumberland on this cold, dark, frosty night—a city that contained seven or eight thousand Union soldiers—and going into the hotels where the generals were sleeping and capturing them without a skirmish was the work of real men and heroes.

"Jack" Markwood was always known as an honest, upright man with whom it was a pleasure to do business, and a delight to make acquaintance and friendship. He was numbered among his acquaintance as a man of sterling worth and character. He was high minded and honorable, a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, for seventy years, and a Christian whose humility and faith exemplified the old-time Christianity. In private life he was as much a soldier of the cross as he was valiant on the battle field.

JAMES H. CLOWER.

On Saturday, November 8, 1924, a sudden summons came for veteran James H. Clower, Woodstock, Va., and, as one who never turned his back, but marched breast forward, he answered the call. A few minutes before he was chatting with his wife in pleasant anticipation of the coming of his oldest son, a resident of Florida, whom he had not seen for a year. Swift was his passing!

Mr. Clower entered one Confederate service at the age of fifteen. He was enrolled in Imboden's Brigade, and served in Company D, 18th Virginia Cavalry, until the end at Appomattox. This boyhood experience, though brief, was ever fresh in his memory, keeping aglow the fires of patriotism and hatred of oppression.

At the age of seventy-eight he was vigorous and active, loving life in the open, a hunter and trapper and a skillful angler. And often after a day spent in the field with men of a younger generation, he would return well loaded with game and the least jaded one of the hunters.

Mr. Clower is survived by his wife, who was Miss Antoinette Winfield, daughter of Captain Winfield, Company B, Ashby's Cavalry, and a daughter and five sons.

By his request, he was laid to rest in the old gray, and his casket, draped in the Confederate flag, was lowered into the sacred soil of the Veterans' Circle at Massanutton Cemetery, Woodstock. There among the comrades whom he loved may he awake to a joyful resurrection!



J. W. MARKWOOD.

C. W. KING.

C. W. King, one of the oldest and best-known citizens of Coahoma County, Miss., died at his home in Clarksdale on October 22, 1924, after an invalidism of some three years occasioned by a broken hip. Death came suddenly at the close of a happy day, his wife's seventy-second anniversary, which had been specially observed by the family.

Comrade King was born in Copiah County, Miss., seventy-nine years ago, and some fifty of those years he had been a resident of Coahoma County, dating from his marriage to Miss Mattie Stuart in 1873. Their golden wedding anniversary was celebrated on December 30, 1923. They removed from their country place to Clarksdale about twenty-five years ago. He was one of the largest land owners of the county, having an interest in some fifteen thousand acres of the rich Delta lands. He was one of the founders of the Planters National Bank, of Clarksdale, established in 1897, of which he was elected vice president. He was also secretary of the Planters Manufacturing Company, and had served as a member of the board of aldermen of Clarksdale. He served during the war with Powers's Cavalry, and some of his service was near Natchez and Baton Rouge.

Surviving him are his wife and three children, also a sister. His friends were many, and during his invalidism his chief diversion was in their association, and through their cheering society the bonds of friendship grew stronger. He was known as one of the best financiers of that section, and though one of the wealthiest of its citizens, he lived a life of simplicity, quiet and unassuming always.

CAPT. JOHN WESLEY FITE, C. S. A.

The death of Capt. John Wesley Fite, at the home of his grandson, Lieut. Logan Carlisle Ramsey, U. S. N., Hampton Roads Naval Air Station, marks the passing of another of the heroes of the Southern cause.

Captain Fite was born in Jackson, Miss., September 29, 1840, and was the eldest son of Joseph E. and Margaret Isler Fite, and a descendant of one of the pioneer families of the State.

He enlisted in the Confederate army March 26, 1861, in Company A, of the 10th Mississippi Regiment, for one year, and re-enlisted for three years in Company D, in December of the same year. In 1862 he was made second lieutenant, and in 1863 was promoted to be captain of his company. The principal engagements in which he fought were: Shiloh, Tenn., April 6, 7, 1862. Mumfordville, Ky., September 14, 17, 1862. Stone River, Tenn., December 31, 1862, and January 3, 1863. Missionary Ridge, Tenn., November 25, 1863. Resaca, Ga., May 15, 1864. New Hope Church, Ga., May 25, 1864. Chickamauga, Ga., September 19, 1863. Atlanta, Ga., July 22, 1864. Ezra Church, Ga., July 28, 1864.



CAPT. JOHN W. FITE.

Jonesboro, Ga., August 31, 1864. Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864.

In the battle of Ezra Church on July 28, 1864, his company was the color company and lost seven men, three of whom were color corporals.

Captain Fite was slightly wounded in the battle of Jonesboro, and severely wounded in the battle of Franklin. He surrendered with his company with Johnston's Army at Greensboro, N. C., May 1, 1865, and returned home to assist in the care of his widowed mother and younger brothers and sisters. After the war he married Miss Amanda Donnell, daughter of W. H. Donnell. She died February 19, 1899.

In 1886 he went with his family to Washington, D. C., to enter the government service. At the time of his retirement, August, 1922, he was chief in charge of the U. S. Treasurer's Files, where, on account of his efficiency, he had been retained for years beyond the period set for retirement, which is seventy years. Captain Fite remained in active service until within one month of eighty-two years of age.

Immediately after his retirement he visited his sister, Mrs. M. L. Watts, of Jackson, Miss., and attended the Confederate reunion in New Orleans, in April, 1923. Immediately after his return to Jackson, he had a stroke of apoplexy, from which he recovered; but a second stroke, while in the home of his grandson in Hampton Roads, brought his splendid and useful career to an end. He died as he had lived, the brave soldier, useful citizen, devoted father, and loyal friend. He was an earnest Christian and served on the board of stewards of Epworth Methodist Episcopal Church, South, for more than twenty-five years.

Beside his daughter, Mrs. Walter Pitman Ramsey, of Washington, D. C., and his grandson is Hampton Roads, he is survived by another grandson, Lieut. Walter Pitman Ramsey, United States Navy on the United States Steamer Summer, San Diego, Calif., and one great-grandson, Logan Carlisle Ramsey, Jr.

Captain Fite was a member of R. E. Lee Camp 171, U. C. V., Confederate Veterans, Washington, D. C., and R. A. Smith Camp No. 24, Jackson, Miss.

[J. W. Clingan, Companies A and D, 10th Mississippi Regiment.]

The following is taken from a tribute by Capt. Fred Beall, of Washington, his friend of many years:

"As a Confederate soldier, there was no braver, truer, or better soldier in the army. He faithfully obeyed every order and executed every demand that was ever made upon him as a soldier. He was loved by all who knew him as a soldier, and no man, of whatever rank, was more truly and sincerely loved or more faithfully honored than was Captain Fite. . . . His grandsons are like him in character and disposition. They are a credit to the United States Navy, and will be found faithful, brave, and true whenever the country needs them."

JOHN LEWIS LOGAN.

John Lewis Logan, for many years a professor in the State University of Kentucky at Lexington, died at Salem, Va., during November from injuries received when struck by a train as he stepped on the railroad track. He was devoted to the cause of the South, and in his late years was especially concerned for the salvation of his comrades of the Confederacy. He attended many reunions and distributed his religious tracts, one of which he had written especially for the veterans. He was a good soldier of Christ. He was educated at Washington and Lee University.

[Rev. E. W. McCorkle, Assistant Chaplain General U. C. V.]

Confederate Veteran.

WILLIAM HENRY SPRINKLE.

A beloved veteran of the Confederacy, William Henry Sprinkle, has joined his comrades who have journeyed into the great beyond. His death occurred on November 20, 1924, at his home in the town of Rural Retreat, Va. He was the only son of William E. and Sarah J. Sprinkle, and was born at Mount Carmel, Va., March 15, 1844. Mount Carmel is situated two miles east of Marion, the county seat of Smyth County, and one mile east of Royal Oak, which was the location of Maj. Arthur Campbell's fort, from which he ordered the assembling of the four companies of pioneer warriors who went from Fincastle County with Gen. Andrew Lewis in 1774 on the Ohio Expedition, and helped to win the victory at Point Pleasant over Cornstalk, the great Indian brave; and from this fort Major Campbell issued orders for the assembling of the immortal four hundred pioneers who marched with Gen. William Campbell to King's Mountain and there helped to win one of the most memorable victories gained by the American patriots in their struggle for freedom.

Born and reared in a historic community, where an altar of freedom was established a hundred and fifty years ago, and where, let us hope, it will perpetually stand untarnished, young Sprinkle responded to the call of his country to assist in repelling an invading foe. On April 2, 1862, with five other Smyth County boys, he started east to join the Smyth Blues, Company D, 4th Virginia Infantry, Stonewall Brigade. While traveling to Eastern Virginia, he was stricken with pneumonia, and after he convalesced from the attack he returned home to recuperate.

Realizing that he could not stand the hardships of infantry service, he was transferred to the 21st Regiment of Virginia Cavalry, commanded by Col. William E. Peters, and became a private in Company E, under Capt. William Cox. He served with this command to the end of the war and was in a number of battles. He was in the battle of Jonesville, Va., and various other small engagements in Virginia and East Tennessee; was with Longstreet at the siege of Knoxville, and in the battle of Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain. His division was then transferred to the Valley of Virginia, and he was with General McCausland at the burning of Chambersburg; was a participant in the battle of Winchester, September 19, 1864; and in the disastrous engagement at Cedar Creek in October of the same year. In March, 1865, his command was ordered to join General Lee at Petersburg, and it was placed on the right wing of Lee's army, on the Weldon Railroad, where it remained until the retreat from Petersburg. On the retreat, Sprinkle fought in the battles of Hatcher's Run and Five Forks; and he surrendered with General Lee at Appomattox. Owing to the loss of his horse, he had to walk to his home, a distance of more than a hundred and fifty miles. Thus ended the military service of a gallant Confederate cavalryman.

Comrade Sprinkle was a zealous Mason. He was raised to the Sublime Degree of a Master Mason by Marion Lodge, No. 31, in 1873; and he remained a devoted and honored member of the Order until he joined the Lodge Celestial. The writer is the only living Mason who was affiliated with Marion Lodge when Brother Sprinkle was made a Master Mason.

He was thrice married. His first marriage was to Miss Belle Richardson, of Smyth County, Va., and to this union nine children were born, three sons and a daughter surviving him—Edgar T. Sprinkle, of Roanoke; Mrs. C. B. Francis, of Chilhowie, Va.; W. R. Sprinkle, of Bluefield, W. Va.; and G. V. Sprinkle, of Kingston, W. Va. His second wife was Miss Sarah Hankla, of Rural Retreat, and the third, Mrs.

Emma Chandler, of the same place. For forty years he had been a member of the Methodist Church, and he died happily in that faith.

For nearly seventy years the writer was intimately associated with Comrade Sprinkle, as schoolmate, Confederate veteran, and as Mason; and I can testify to his sterling worth, for I knew him well. He was of cheerful disposition energetic, generous, and loyal to his friends. His body was consigned to the grave with full Masonic honors and his spirit has returned to God who gave it.

[William C. Pendleton, Company A, 45th Battalion Virginian Infantry.]

POLK DALLAS BURNS.

Polk D. Burns, born in Wayne County, Tenn., December 14, 1844, died at his home in Bentonville, Ark., after a year's illness. He enlisted for the Confederacy at Waynesboro in Company A, Capt. J. I. Biffle, in the 9th Tennessee Regiment, Dibrell's Brigade, later consolidated with the 17th Tennessee, and his company was commanded by Captain Anderson; and surrendered at Gainesville, Ala., March 5, 1865.

Mr. Burns was twice married, his first wife being Miss Sallie A. Kelley, and seven of their eight children survive him, all living in Western Texas. His wife died in 1907, and in 1911 he was married to Miss Corinna C. Parker, who also survives him. He was a member of the Primitive Baptist Church, faithful in his Christian relationships.

It is said that Mr. Burns ran away from school to join the Confederate army, and he has told of capturing a flag from the enemy, but the particulars are not known. He was ever a faithful Confederate.

"Tis mine to miss thee all my years,
And tender memories of thee keep;
Thine in the Lord to rest, for so—
He giveth his beloved sleep."

[His wife, Mrs. Corinna C. Burns.]

VIRGIL A. WILSON.

On the Sabbath eve of November 9, 1924, the gentle spirit of Virgil A. Wilson passed to the heavenly home, and on Armistice Day he was laid to rest in beautiful Oakland Cemetery at Atlanta, Ga.

Comrade Wilson was in his eighty-second year. He was the son of Samuel Hillhouse Wilson and Jane McCoy, and a nephew of the late Dr. John S. Wilson, a noted Presbyterian divine. Virgil Wilson was a devoted Christian since early youth, a faithful friend, a loyal Confederate veteran, who served with honor throughout the war, taking part in many important battles. He was a member of the famous 7th Georgia Infantry, whose survivors still hold their annual reunions in Atlanta on the 21st of July.

He is survived by his wife, who was Miss F. C. Hughes, of Decatur, Ga., a son and two daughters, several grandchildren and great-grandchildren, also one sister.

E. S. AYCOCK.

E. S. Aycock, a member of the South Georgia Camp, No. 819 U. C. V., of Waycross, Ga., and a prominent citizen of Ware County, died on December 5, 1924, at the age of eighty-four years.

When war broke out between the States, Comrade Aycock enlisted in Company B, 30th North Carolina Regiment of Infantry, and he served faithfully to the end; and he made as good a citizen after the war as he was a soldier, a loving husband, and kind father, a Christian gentleman, and a

Mason. He will be missed by the comrades of the Camp, to whom he was ever loyal and devoted, and we shall hope to meet him in glad reunion on the other shore.

[T. E. Ethridge, Adjutant South Georgia Camp No. 819, U. C. V.]

GEORGE E. HOGAN.

George E. Hogan was born in Spotsylvania County, Va., August 30, 1836, and at the age of ten years was taken to Randolph County, now West Virginia, where he lived until his death on October 20, 1924, at Blue Lick Springs, in that county. He was in his eighty-ninth year. He was laid to rest in the Sweaker burial ground by the side of his wife, who died several years ago.

"Uncle George," as he was familiarly known, was a valiant Confederate soldier, serving faithfully through the entire war. He was converted in early life and had since been a devout member of the Presbyterian Church. He was a man loved by everybody.

[His friend, W. Cam Hart, Elkins, W. Va.]

COMMANDER OF TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT, U. C. V.

Gen. James M. Cochran, Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department, U. C. V., died at Dallas, Tex., on the night of December 25, death resulting within a week after a fall in which his right leg was broken.

General Cochran was one of the youngest Confederate veterans, being only seventy-eight years old. He was the second male child born in what is now Dallas County, Tex., his birth on June 1, 1846, being a month and some days before the county was organized. He enlisted in the Confederate army in the latter part of 1862 as a boy of sixteen, serving with Company I, 30th Texas Cavalry, Gano's Brigade, Maxey's Division; was promoted to sergeant in 1864, and so served to the close.

A PILGRIMAGE.

[Homage by Lieut. Col. Thomas J. Dickson, Chaplain's Corps, United States Army, retired, of Washington, D. C., delivered on the occasion of the pilgrimage of the survivors of the First Division, American Expeditionary Forces in the World War, at the tomb of the unknown soldier, Arlington National Cemetery, Sunday morning, October 5, 1924.]

The history of the First Division is a closed book.
I am not worthy to loose the seals thereof!
In the chancery of heaven, known to God alone,
Is the record of those whose dust we cover with flowers.
Ours is a pilgrimage of love and reverence—
A pilgrimage safely guarded by unseen legions.
We see forms and faces from that place we call home,
Anxious for loved ones through long days and longer nights.
The dark shadow fell on almost our every home.
Our homage to woman who suffered most of all!
This is neither time nor place for us to acclaim.
Leave that to others! Leave it to pious pilgrims—
To those who dwell on mountains capped with emotion—
To those who smelleth the raging battles afar off.
Children will here clasp their hands in prayer.
Silence! Profound veneration attend this presence!
Attend all from the valley of the shadow of death.
Attend the dim shadow of a once mighty substance.
Since all of earth will come, will pause, will read—
It is well to speak the language God first gave man.

O leaves of oak! Come, form our winding sheet.
Leaves of strength! Come from the oak that defies the storm!
Come, rose leaves. See the place where dauntless valor sleeps.
Come, leaves of beauty. Leaves of beauty rest on beauty's breast.

Comes, leaves of laurel. Mount high this Unknown Soldier's brow!

Soldier! You rose from these ranks! Receive our homage now.

Come, emblem of every hope. Come, light painted flowers.

Come, those who first told man there is a God.

Come, flowers of Easter. Come, immortal Spring.

Come! Tell again the old, old story of His love.

Come, bless our leaning crosses. Come to our veiled Calvary.

Come! Tell loud the story! Let all the earth rejoice!

Come, O welcome night. Cover us with thy star cloth.

Catch every tear that falls—those beautiful bugles of reveille.

Lieut. Col. Thomas J. Dickson was the senior chaplain, First Division, chaplain Sixth Field Artillery, the regiment that fired the first shot for America in the World War. He was in all the battles of the First Division.

HEROES IN GRAY.

BY T. B. SUMMERS, MILTON, W. VA.

I've read the history Roman,

I've read the history Greece,

I've read of noble yeomen

Who spent their lives in peace,

I've read of heroes martial

In many a bloody fray,

But never of more gallant

Than those who wore the gray.

I've heard the wartime music,

I've heard of battle strife,

I've seen the tattered remnant

Of what was vigorous life,

I've heard and known deep sages

Who knew what best to say,

But grandest down the ages,

Were those that wore the gray.

We sing of peace and plenty,

Of life, and all that's done,

And speak of deeds most gently

When done by noble son,

So are the minds embittered

When aught but good they say

Of laurels justly clustered

Around the brows of gray.

So, look we to the future,

The past is sealed and done,

No one need to draw the cloture

On any noble son,

Truth writes in history's page

To serve the coming day,

And through all time and ages

March heroes clad in gray.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. FRANK HARROLD, President General
Americus, Ga.

MRS. J. T. BEALE, Little Rock, Ark....	First Vice President General
1707 Center Street	
MRS. FRANCIS ELMER ROSS, San Diego, Cal....	Second Vice President General
2440 Third Street	
MRS. CHARLES S. WALLACE, Morehead City, N. C.	Third Vice President General
MRS. ALEXANDER J. SMITH, New York City.....	Recording Secretary General
411 West One Hundred and Fourteenth Street	
MRS. R. H. CHESLEY, Cambridge, Mass....	Corresponding Secretary General
11 Everett Street	

MRS. J. P. HIGGINS, St. Louis, Mo.....	Treasurer General
533½ Pershing Avenue	
MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, Charleston, S. C.	Historian General
41 South Battery	
MRS. W. J. WOODLIFF, Muskogee, Okla.	Registrar General
917½ Main J Street	
MRS. W. H. ESTABROOK, Dayton, Ohio.....	Custodian of Crosses
645 Superior Avenue	
MRS. W. D. MASON, Philadelphia, Pa.	Custodian of Flags and Banners
523 Seminole Avenue, Chestnut Hill	

All communications for this Department should be sent direct to Mrs. R. D. Wright, Official Editor, Newberry, S. C.

SOCIAL FEATURES OF THE SAVANNAH CONVENTION.

REPORTED BY MARY C. CHESLEY, OF BOSTON CHAPTER.

To attend a convention in Savannah means added inspiration to our great work and is also assurance that a round of unusual social delights are in store.

The first of this series was the dinner given on Monday evening, November 17, by the Division Presidents to the President General, Mrs. Frank Harrold. Thirty-eight States were represented around this table, so appropriately decorated with the U. D. C. colors, where the President General had the opportunity of meeting personally her leaders of the different Divisions.

On Tuesday, the Savannah Chapter, U. D. C. entertained at luncheon in its beautiful Confederate Memorial Hall, the President General, officers, and special guests. The luncheon was made a sparkling feast by the many clever speakers introduced by the able toast mistress, Mrs. R. A. Grady. Those responding to her bright, unusual introductions were the local Presidents of the U. D. C., D. A. R., Colonial Dames, and civic clubs. These were followed by the President General, Mrs. Harrold, whose original descriptions of each ex-President General present were most unique. All of these responded to her very gracefully, and they were followed by the general officers.

The ball room of the DeSoto Hotel was the scene of the brilliant reception given by the Savannah Chapter on Wednesday evening to the officers and delegates of the convention. Handsomely gowned representative women from all over the United States had gathered to express their loyalty and enthusiasm to the ladies of the hostess Chapter, whose President, Mrs. A. B. Hull, stood at the head of the receiving line; and, with the President General, general officers, and others, welcomed the U. D. C. delegates to historic and beautiful Savannah.

The most unique entertainment given during the convention was the oyster roast given at the Shrine Club by the Sons of Confederate Veterans. On arrival at these beautiful grounds, we found long tables on which were pickles, crackers, cheese, and a blunt instrument which looked like a mighty weapon, but which we were told was the oyster opener. After we had taken our places, the gentlemen served the oysters, almost red hot, in their thick, rough shells. To hold them and open the shells with the mighty weapon required a little practice, but we were soon initiated and enjoyed this unusual feast. The setting for this picnic is deserving of special mention, for nowhere but in Savannah are found such groves of live oaks festooned with yards and yards of hanging gray moss. To those who had never had the rare oppor-

tunity of visiting Savannah before, this setting was beautifully impressive.

The most brilliant event of the social week was the ball given to the Pages attendant on the convention, on Friday evening at the DeSoto Hotel. This bevy of pretty girls, representatives of every State where there are U. D. C. Chapters, added charm, youth, and beauty to the convention. Every one, young and old, entered into the spirit of this occasion, and the ball will long be remembered as the brightest event of convention week in Savannah.

There were many private dinners and luncheons given to special guests by different committees and directors, to the President General, Mrs. Harrold, and other officers. The Colonial Dames and D. A. R., in a most hospitable way, served luncheons on the third floor of the Auditorium every day of the week to all attending the convention, except on Saturday when we even entertained at the Y. W. C. A.

The delegates left Savannah with regret in their hearts and sincere appreciation of the many and varied forms of social delights.

U. D. C. NOTES.

[Several publicity chairmen sent material on November 1 for the December VETERAN. There was not space in the Department for these notes and for an account of the Savannah convention, and we felt that the latter should have the right of way. As far as possible, the material sent in November and in December is being used this month in condensed form.

—EDITOR U. D. C. DEPARTMENT.]

* * *

Mrs. W. H. Estabrook, Custodian of Crosses, has asked that Chapters be reminded that all orders for Crosses of Honor and Crosses of Service "must be filed in the office of the Custodian General three weeks before the day intended for bestowal." See Rule 7, Sec. 1.

* * *

October is convention month in many Divisions, and the reports received from Arkansas, Maryland, New York, Kentucky, Missouri, and North Carolina showed enthusiasm and increased interest in all lines of work.

Mrs. Lora Goolsby, 612 East Capital Avenue, Little Rock, is the new President of the Arkansas Division.

* * *

Kentucky Division's twenty-eighth annual convention was held in Frankfort. An appropriation of \$1,000 was made to the endowment fund of the Richmond Museum. Through the Education Committee, Mrs. John Woodbury, Chairman, the Daughters have secured the designation of Kentucky Day in the schools, on which the history of the State shall be emphasized. The State Department of Education will

send out programs officially. One feature of the program on Historical Evening is particularly interesting. Living pages from "Southern Women in War Times" were the little girls dressed to represent the women of the book—Capt. Sally Tompkins, the Misses Cary, and others, each giving a short sketch of the one whom she represented.

Two members of this Division—Mesdames McKinney and McCarty—have been appointed Grounds Committee of the Jefferson Davis Memorial Commission, which has active supervision of the Jefferson Davis Memorial Park at Fairview. This park has been taken over by the State of Kentucky, and plans are rapidly developing for making it interesting and beautiful. Ground has been broken for the house to be erected near the entrance, a replica of the house in which Jefferson Davis was born. This was not a log cabin by any means, but, since Samuel Davis, the father, was a man of means, the house was an unusually large and handsome cottage for those early days, when all homes in that part of the country were, of necessity, built of logs. Donations of old colonial furniture will be asked for, and it is hoped that these will have a history. The first gift was presented by Miss Mary Cloud, a mahogany wall bracket and candlestick for same, brought by Miss Cloud's grandmother when she moved from Louisa County, Va., to Kentucky. Officers for the coming year:

President, Mrs. Harry McCarty, Nicholasville.

First Vice President, Mrs. Stanley Johnson, Lawrenceburg.

Second Vice President, Miss Frankye Ried, Hickman.

Third Vice President, Mrs. M. J. Clarke, Madisonville.

Recording Secretary, Miss Anna Belle Fogg, Frankfort.

Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Ray Rose, Nicholasville.

Treasurer, Miss Priscilla Griffith, Ghent.

Historian, Mrs. Grace Murray Mastin, Lexington.

Registrar, Mrs. M. J. Walton, Paducah.

Auditor, Mrs. R. T. Stone, Hopkinsville.

Custodian, Mrs. Edmonia Roberts, Bardstown.

Permanent Records, Mrs. G. T. Fuller, Mayfield.

* * *

Louisiana.—Belle Chasse, once the home of Judah P. Benjamin, Confederate statesman, was the scene of a brilliant gathering on Saturday, November 29, when the Judah P. Benjamin Memorial Association tendered a reception to all patriotic, memorial, civic, and bar associations and to all friends interested in reclaiming and preserving the beautiful old mansion and in making it one of the show places of the South. More than two thousand invitations had been issued.

Belle Chasse is a building three stories high, with large halls and double parlors and with large galleries built entirely around the house. It is situated on a beautiful highway, across the river from New Orleans, and faces the mighty Mississippi.

Refreshments of delicious Louisiana coffee and old-fashioned cookies brought back memories of the days when Judah P. Benjamin entertained in his own lavish way. The signing of the charter was a feature of the afternoon, and from the beautiful winding stairway, Gen. Allison Owen, president of the organization, welcomed the guests and introduced Dr. Pierce Butler, author of Judah P. Benjamin's biography, who told of the interesting life of Mr. Benjamin. Mrs. Florence Tompkins, represented the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Music was furnished by the Police Band. As Judah P. Benjamin served under four flags—the American flag, the Confederate flag, the French flag, and the English flag—these flags were conspicuous in the decorations of palms and moss.

Mrs. Frank Harrold, President General, stopped for a few

hours in New Orleans on Monday, December 1, en route to Houston, Tex., where she went to attend the convention of the Texas Division, U. D. C. Mrs. Florence C. Tompkins, President of Louisiana Division, and a few of her officers and Chapter Presidents, entertained Mrs. Harrold informally at a luncheon and with an automobile ride around the city.

* * *

Maryland.—The twenty-ninth annual convention of this Division was held October 29, in the historic city of Frederick, as guests of the Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, all reports showing steady advancement in the various lines of work.

Mrs. Franklin Canby, of Hagerstown, is the new President of Maryland Division. The Executive Board of the Maryland Division antedated by a month the action of the Savanna convention—viz., that a director be appointed in each Division to secure subscriptions for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. Mrs. Preston Power, of Baltimore, was appointed to this work.

Ridgely Brown Chapter, of Rockville, on November 9, unveiled, in the Circuit Court room, in the presence of a large gathering, a bronze tablet erected by the members in memory of Lieut. Col. Ridgely Brown, who commanded the 1st Maryland Confederate Cavalry in the War between the States. Also a portrait of this brave and gallant officer was presented to the county by the Ridgely Brown Camp, U. C. V.; four of the six surviving members attending the ceremonies. Four veterans of the World War were presented with Service Crosses by the Daughters. A chaplain of the C. S. A., Rev. J. W. Duffy, of Washington, gave the invocation.

Seventeen hundred more names are required by Miss Sellman to complete the Calendar started two years ago. Communicate with her at 206 Rockwell Terrace, Frederick, Md.

Officers for 1925 are:

President, Mrs. F. P. Canby, Hagerstown.

First Vice President, Mrs. John Harrison, Baltimore.

Second Vice President, Miss Mae Rogers, Hyattsville.

Third Vice President, Mrs. J. C. White.

Fourth Vice President, Miss Julia Belt, Dickerson.

Recording Secretary, Mrs. J. F. Young, Hagerstown.

Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Clayton Hoyle.

Treasurer, Mrs. J. W. Westcott, Baltimore.

Registrar, Mrs. C. N. Boulden.

State Editor, Mrs. Preston Power, Baltimore.

State Historian, Mrs. LeRoy McCarell, Frederick.

Custodian, Miss Sallie Maupin, Baltimore.

Director of Children of the Confederacy, Mrs. Henry West, Baltimore.

Parliamentarian, Mrs. Jed Gittings, Bethesda.

Chaplain, Mrs. John Jones, Braddock Heights.

(The Editor regrets not having the addresses of all officers.)

* * *

Missouri Division met for its twenty-seventh convention in Jefferson City, with Winnie Davis Chapter as hostess. The sessions lasted three days, and the Publicity Chairman reports it the most successful in the Division's history. John S. Marmaduke Chapter won the silver loving cup for the largest number of new members. Also the \$10 in gold for the best scrapbook. The Missouri Division is always interested in the VETERAN, the Fitzhugh Lee Chapter winning the prize of \$10 this year for securing the largest number of new subscriptions. Present at the convention were the Commandant of the Missouri Confederate Home, Mr. Chambers, and his wife, who expressed deep appreciation for the many thoughtful attentions to the inmates on the part of the Daughters. A remarkable scheme of landscape work is being developed at the Home, including the building of dams across the waste

Confederate Veteran.

land, producing artificial lakes, construction of driveways, planting twenty acres in blue grass to include a golf course, and other wonderful improvements, the expense for which is met with money cleared from operating the farm connected with the Home.

* * *

Great interest in bestowing Crosses of Service has been manifest in Mississippi recently. On Armistice Day, the Stephen D. Lee Chapter, at Columbus, carried out a beautiful ceremony when ten Crosses of Service were presented. The Chapter will have another presentation on January 19.

Mississippi has been called to mourn the loss of two loved and valued members—Mrs. Nettie Story-Miller, ex-President of the Division, whose beautiful life was an inspiration to all who knew her; and Mrs. Callie Harrison Sykes, a leader and past officer in the Stephen D. Lee Chapter, and Honorary Vice President of the Division. As a girl of the sixties, she had a part in the Memorial Day observed at Columbus, Miss., on April 25, 1866. Her loyalty, her interest, and her personal knowledge of things of that period made her service as Historian invaluable to the Chapter.

* * *

Mrs. A. J. Field, of New York, writes of the Division convention:

The ninth convention of the New York Division was held at Hotel Astor, in New York City on October 9, 1924, with a large attendance. The reports of the three Chapters were given by the Presidents, and told of increase in membership, in educational work, and in all the lines of endeavor. The outstanding work of the Division is the educational, with Mrs. F. E. Hill, chairman, who reported over sixteen hundred dollars to the credit of the educational committee during the past year.

The musical hour of Convention Day was unusually attractive and inspiring. A group of songs of the old South was sung by Miss Julia Hume, dressed in costume of the old days, while Mrs. Morse Hubbard gave a group of the best and sweetest of the modern songs.

The guests of honor present were Commandant Hatton, of the Veterans' Camp, Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, Past President General, and Mrs. Alexander J. Smith, Recording Secretary General.

On Armistice Day, at a dinner dance given by the New York Chapter of the Military Order of the World War, a Service Cross was presented to the Mary Mildred Sullivan Chapter, New York Division, U. D. C., and the presentation speech was made by Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, former President General.

* * *

Mrs. Erwin, of Durham, writes of the North Carolina Division convention:

The twenty-eighth convention of the North Carolina Division, held in Rocky Mount, in October, stands out as the most important in the history of the organization. The President General, Mrs. Frank Harrold, was present, also Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, of New York, ex-President General; Mrs. St. J. A. Lawton, of South Carolina, Historian General; and Mrs. Charles S. Wallace, of North Carolina, Third Vice President General; Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, of Virginia, Past Recording Secretary General; and Mrs. F. M. Williams, Honorary President U. D. C.

The report of Mrs. R. P. Holt, the President, showed a remarkable amount of splendid things accomplished.

Officers for the coming year are:

President, Mrs. J. Dolph Long, Graham.

First Vice President, Mrs. Henry London, Jr., Raleigh.

Second Vice President, Mrs. S. L. McKee, Sylva.

Third Vice President, Mrs. J. Harper Erwin, Durham.

Recording Secretary, Mrs. Hadley Woodard, Wilson.

Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Don Scott, Graham.

Registrar, Mrs. Emma Wallace, New Bern.

Treasurer, Mrs. Charles S. Wallace, Morehead City.

Historian, Mrs. S. H. Anderson, Fayetteville.

Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. O. E. Mendenhall, High Point.

Director Children of the Confederacy, Mrs. E. R. McKethan, Fayetteville.

Chaplain, Mrs. John Bridges, Tarboro.

Mrs. Henry P. Battle, Rocky Mount, Mrs. I. W. Faison, Charlotte, and Mrs. Henry London, Pittsboro, were chosen Honorary Presidents of the Division.

The convention unanimously indorsed Maj. Gen. Robert E. Hoke as North Carolina's representative in the central group on Stone Mountain Memorial, thus leaving a place for Gen. James Johnston Pettigrew in the other group in the memorial.

Mrs. H. A. London presented the report of the pension committee. The committee was instructed to go before the legislature to seek the removal of the property clause from the pension law and ask a more specific definition of the terms, "blind and maimed." The convention indorsed, at the request of the Stonewall Jackson Chapter, at Charlotte, the campaign of the American Legion and other patriotic organizations for increased pensions. The Daughters also gave their indorsement to the movement for a full-time chaplain at the State penitentiary.

The untiring efforts and work of Mrs. R. P. Holt as President were warmly praised by various speakers from the convention floor.

After the convention had authorized a committee to appear before the legislature in the interest of an appropriation for the Gettysburg monument and asked that every Daughter coöperate in securing the advancement of this fund, the twenty-eighth annual session of the State division adjourned to meet in Elizabeth City next October.

* * *

The South Carolina Division meets in historic Charleston too late (December 9) for a report for this month's VETERAN, but Mrs. H. S. Farley sends items showing activity in Chapters along 'various lines. Stonewall Chapter, Chesterfield, has marked the grave of an unknown Confederate soldier with a granite marker.

J. B. Kershaw Chapter, of Laurens, is marking all graves of Confederate dead in the county. Lucinda Horne Chapter, Saluda, has placed ninety markers this year. Drayton Rutherford, of Newberry, has placed one hundred and sixty markers within the past few months.

The live Winthrop College Chapter, at the beginning of this session, divided the Chapter into teams for a membership drive, the Blues and the Reds, the former winning the contest.

Wade Hampton Chapter, Columbia, has compiled a pamphlet containing the names of Confederate soldiers who died in service and are buried in Columbia, with whatever record the tombstone carries; also the names of members of the Churches who were last in service and buried elsewhere. The pamphlet is bound in gray with the U. D. C. emblem on the cover. This Chapter has distributed at its own expense 3,100 historical pamphlets during the year, and has given a scholarship at the University of South Carolina.

Paul McMichael Chapter, Orangeburg, leads the Chapters in the Division in the number of Crosses of Service bestowed. On Armistice Day sixty-one Crosses were presented, three of which were given to young men who made the supreme sacrifice.

Ellison Capers Chapter, Florence, reports all graves of Confederate veterans marked in that county, except one cemetery.

William Wallace Chapter, Union, has given a subscription to Miss Rutherford's Scrapbook to the high school.

Mrs. Annie Grace Drake, Chairman Publicity for Texas Division, reports on the convention in October:

"After a most harmonious meeting, the twenty-eighth annual convention of the Texas Division adjourned on Thursday, December 4, to meet next year in Marshall, Tex. The hostesses were the Houston Chapters—Robert E. Lee, Orrin M. Roberts, and Jefferson Davis—with Mrs. Whit Boyd as general chairman of the local committees.

Business sessions were held in the local Y. W. C. A. building, while the evening entertainments were held in the ball room of the Rice Hotel, the Pages' Ball being held in the ball room of the Gunter Hotel.

Social functions were the luncheon given in honor of the President General, Mrs. Frank Harrold, and Mrs. E. W. Bounds, President of the Texas Division, the auto drive on Wednesday afternoon, followed by a brilliant reception at the home of Mrs. J. O. Ross, and the Pages' Ball under the auspices of the Sons of Veterans. Presidents' Evening was featured by an eloquent address from the President General, with Mrs. J. W. Wilkinson presiding, and Historical Evening was marked by a beautiful program, the principal address given by Commander Lon Smith, Texas Sons of Confederate Veterans, and the awarding of prizes by the Historian of the Division, Mrs. Bettie Magruder.

The new City-County Hospital was dedicated Tuesday afternoon under the auspices of the Jefferson Davis Chapter, the hospital bearing the name of the honored President of the Confederacy, whose portrait was unveiled on this occasion, with Gen. J. C. Foster, Commander of the Texas U. C. V., in charge of the ceremonies.

Mrs. J. K. Bivens, of Longview, was elected President of the Division, and other officers, most of whom were reelected, were named as follows:

First Vice President, Mrs. J. W. Wilkinson, Houston; Second Vice President, Mrs. J. W. Brosig, Navasota; Third Vice President, Mrs. G. A. Gray, Belton; Fourth Vice President, Mrs. D. M. Cushing, San Antonio; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. M. M. Turner, Longview; Recording Secretary, Mrs. J. T. Dunavant, Dallas; Treasurer, Mrs. W. E. Langston, Fort Worth; Registrar, Mrs. A. M. Jones, Austin, Historian, Mrs. Bettie Magruder, San Angelo; Custodian, Mrs. T. H. Bowman, Austin; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. B. B. Knolle, Houston; Poet Laureate, Mrs. P. S. Summers, Ma. lin.

The afternoon session was saddened by a telegram to Mrs. Harrold, President General, announcing the death of her father. As a tribute of respect, the meeting was adjourned immediately, and a committee was sent to express to her the sympathy of the Division.

A student loan fund, open to the lineal descendants of Confederate veterans, was established during this convention. In its report, the Education Committee set out the need of such a fund. The report also showed that \$8,000 was spent by the Division last year on scholarships and loan funds.

IN MEMORIAM.

The sympathy of our great organization has been deeply stirred by the sorrow which has come to our President General, Mrs. Frank Harrold, in the death of her father, Mr. Billington S. Walker, of Monroe, Ga., which occurred early in December. The Walker home at Monroe has long been noted for its ideals of Christian service and hospitality.

Another death which has cast a shadow on the organization is that of Mrs. Jacksie Daniel Morrison, of North Carolina, so widely known for her efficient work in that State as a Daughter of the Confederacy and beloved for her personal attributes. After a long illness, her spirit passed into the realms of rest on the 24th of December.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.
MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *Historian General.*

HISTORICAL STUDY FOR 1925.

PERIOD OF 1864 TO 1865.

FEBRUARY PROGRAM.

The Wilderness campaign.

Spottsylvania Courthouse, May 10, 12, 18.

J. E. B. Stuart and Yellow Tavern, May 11, 1864.

Second Cold Harbor, June 1, 3.

Tell of Grant's plans now to attack Richmond from the south.

TENNESSEE DIVISION PRIZE ESSAY.

The Junior High School Medal is given this year by Mrs. Mary Noel Moody in memory of her father, Judge J. H. Estes, Haywood County, who served in the 6th Tennessee Regiment, Company A.

Rules governing medal contest in junior high school:

Subject: Jefferson Davis.

Only pupils of the seventh and eighth grades are entitled to enter this contest.

Essays must be typewritten on 8½x13 inch paper.

Sign your essay with number.

Seal your number with your true name and address.

Essays will be judged in accuracy, originality, and style.

Mail essay not later than April 15, 1925, to Mrs. Leon Kirby, State Historian, 901 Stirling Avenue, North Chattanooga, Tenn.

ROBERT E. LEE HONORED IN GREECE.

The largest building at the Near East Relief's orphanage in Syra, Greece, will henceforth be known as the Robert E. Lee Memorial, in recognition of large contributions made toward its erection by the people of the State of Virginia. The building was dedicated with impressive ceremonies.

A memorial tablet in the hallway bears a biography of Lee, written by one of the Armenian orphan boys. It begins:

"In the beautiful State of Virginia, near the home of George Washington, lived one of his dearest friends, General Lee. On January 19, 1807, a sturdy son was born and named Robert Edward. As a boy Robert was not lazy, but loved to work for himself. Because he was strong and active and cheerful, he was greatly loved by all. He never caused his family sorrow by using bad language."

The remainder of the biography recounts Lee's public career, but these first sentences are interesting as showing the traits which seem most admirable to his young Armenian biographer.—*Exchange*.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON,.....	<i>President General</i>
Wall Street, Atlanta, Ga.	
MRS. C. B. BRYAN,.....	<i>First Vice President General</i>
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis Tenn.	
MISS SUE H. WALKER,.....	<i>Second Vice President General</i>
Fayetteville, Ark.	
MRS. E. L. MERRY,.....	<i>Treasurer General</i>
4317 Butler Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.	
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON,.....	<i>Recording Secretary General</i>
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.	
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD,.....	<i>Historian General</i>
Athens, Ga.	
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER,.....	<i>Corresponding Secretary General</i>
College Park, Ga.	
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE,.....	<i>Poet Laureate General</i>
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.	
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS,.....	<i>Auditor General</i>
Montgomery, Ala.	
REV. GILES B. COOKE,.....	<i>Chaplain General</i>
Mathews, Va.	

All communications for this Department should be sent direct to Miss Phoebe Frazer, 653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.

THE NEW YEAR.

Most cordial and affectionate New Year's greetings to each and every one, with the heartfelt wish that a protecting Providence may enfold you in the coming days. Opportunity stands knocking at the door. May there be no deaf ear to the call for service. May each, with faces set toward the horizon, with the music of past memories ringing in her ears, pledge afresh her loyalty and best efforts to carry on the noble work which is our heritage, always remembering our motto in loyally upholding our righteous pledge.

"Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

Faithfully yours,

MARGARET A. WILSON, *President General.*

C. S. M. A. NOTES.

NEW MONUMENT IN OKLAHOMA CITY.

Mrs. James R. Armstrong, State President Oklahoma C. S. M. A., writes from Oklahoma City, as follows:

"Oklahoma sends love and greetings for a very happy and prosperous New Year to our beloved Veterans, Life Mothers, and coworkers of our organization.

"The Jefferson Davis Memorial Association of our city is quite proud of its work the past year in erecting the beautiful monument in Fairlawn Cemetery, in memory of our dear veterans, who so loyally and lovingly followed their great leaders through 1861-65; and we have done this within the ranks our own veterans, Sons, and Daughters of Oklahoma City. We only know two other monuments in the State, one at Durant and one at Tahlequah. On Thanksgiving our Association entertained the veterans and life members, about forty-five in number, with a beautiful luncheon in the home of the President, Mrs. James R. Armstrong. We are studying Miss Rutherford's 'Scrapbook' each meeting and only wish that every Association would do the same, as it is most helpful and all would enjoy it so much. We think it is the best ever.

"To our dear President General, Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, our love and appreciation for her many sweet words of help and comfort.

"Only wish that every member of the C. S. M. A. could see our beautiful monument. Come to Oklahoma. We welcome you. Hope to meet each one in Dallas at the next reunion, May, 1925."



STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery	Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville	Mrs. J. Garside Welch
WASHINGTON, D. C.	Mrs. M. D. H. Reed
FLORIDA—Pensacola	Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta	Mrs. William A. Wright
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green	Miss Jeane D. Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans	Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Greenwood	Mrs. G. C. Kimbrough
MISSOURI—St. Louis	Mrs. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville	Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City	Mrs. James R. Armstrong
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston	Miss B. Howard
TENNESSEE—Memphis	Mrs. Mary H. Miller
TEXAS—Dallas	Mrs. S. M. Fields
VIRGINIA—Richmond	Mrs. B. A. Blenner
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington	Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey

THE HUNTINGTON, WEST VA., ASSOCIATION.

The Confederate Memorial Association of Huntington, West Va., held a memorial and business meeting on November 13, being entertained at the home of the local President, Mrs. Thomas Hope Harvey, who is State President. We wish that we could give a vivid picture of the stirring scenes of this gathering of the old and the young, those choice spirits who venerate the cause of the South, those who fought for it, and those who love them who fought. With an ever-increasing membership of over three hundred, their wonderful President, notwithstanding the limitations of years of invalidism, has proved what heart interest can accomplish in a community. The program follows, but the sweet music, the words of inspiration, and the sympathetic tributes paid to the noble dead, our late Commander in Chief, and others lately passed, the genial comradeship of a union in fidelity expressed in a gracious and bountiful hospitality, these can but be suggested to the imagination.

Music; The Lord's Prayer; Reading of General Haldeman's last message in the VETERAN; Roll call of deceased members of past year; Old Gray Jacket recited, Mrs. Wayne Ferguson; Musci; "Dixie"; "Annie Laurie"; A Message from the President General, Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, expressing her love and interest, was read to the members; a Silent Prayer; Welcome by Mrs. Thomas Hope Harvey; Reading of minutes and discussion of business. Mrs. L. A. Daniel, First Vice President, presiding. Voting in twelve new members; statement by Treasurer; a canvas for subscriptions to the VETERAN; election of officers; echoes from the Memphis reunion, as follows; How the reunion impressed me as a whole—Mrs. Hollenbeck; Our Heroes, Mrs. Bradford; Our Girls; Our Southern Gentlemen, Miss Jannette Hatch; Our Thrills, Mrs. Woodyard; Why we love the C. S. M. A., Mrs. Frank McAlhatten; The Joy of the Hour, Miss Sallie Jones; How One Feels who is left Behind, Mrs. L. A. Daniel and Mrs. Wayne Ferguson. After the program, delicious refreshments were served. The meetings of the association are always held at the home of Mrs. Harvey.

IN MEMORY OF GENERAL HALDEMAN.

A memorial service was held in memory of our beloved Commander in Chief, U. C. V. Gen. William B. Haldeman, on November 16, in Memphis, Tenn., under the auspices of the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association, assisted by Camp No. 28, U. C. V., and other veterans.

Engraved invitations were sent out by Mrs. Charles B.

Bryan, Vice President, C. S. M. A., and Capt. C. A. De Saussure, commanding Camp No. 28, U. C. V.

A beautiful program was arranged by Mrs. Mary H. Miller, State President C. S. M. A.

FATHER TABB.*

A REVIEW BY HOWARD MERIWETHER LOVETT.

The most eloquent and the shortest epitaph known to me was found in a family graveyard in Tidewater, Va. Beside the name and dates of birth and death are two words: "*Confederate Veteran.*" Thus inscribed by a devoted wife, these two words express all that need be said of manhood, valor, integrity.

It is such eloquence as is fitting for the memory of America's most famous epigrammatic poet, Father Tabb. This distinction was given by the editor of a volume of epigrams published by the Oxford University Press in the Oxford Garland Series. Through long years the name, Father Tabb, has been associated with a conception of beauty and purity, the essence of poetic expression. The wide range of publication of his verses in American magazines has popularized the fame of the poet priest.

The small volumes of collected poems are to be kept among the precious. Such a volume has been in sick room a benison; like a phial of attar of roses, each poem a tiny drop of distilled sweetness to weary heart, poignant with holy devotion and incense. Again, iridescent with the light and color of philosophic thought, a conjuring with words, a mental delight. Again, pure fantasy for the playful mood.

Those who have so loved Father Tabb's writings welcome with gratitude this "Life" and rejoice that a volume giving a complete collection of his poems is promised by the author. The table of contents shows the range and interest of this book:

Birth and Boyhood; Civil War Experiences; Conversion to Catholicism and Preparation for the Priesthood; The Priest; The Teacher; The Friend; The Man; The Author; Blindness and Death; Religion and Poetry; Favorite Poets and Their Influence; a True Lyric Poet. Each chapter is replete with intimate knowledge and sympathetic treatment.

"Father Tabb: *Confederate Veteran*" is a title of nobility that deserves a story. Add to this the word *Virginian*, signifying the undying loyalty and patriotism of such heritage, and the brief designation becomes eulogistic.

Born in Amelia County, Va., at the plantation home, The Forest, John Banister Tabb was nurtured in like environment to that of the greatest general of the English-speaking race and the noblest of his compatriots in the Army of Northern Virginia. Every one of Southern lineage to-day should procure this book and read with pride another record of plantation life and of that glorious civilization that has passed forever. From no other homes have ever come such high gifts as were offered to the Southern Confederacy.

From Lee, the matchless warrior, stretched the octave of greatness to poet. Two of peerless gifts—Sidney Lanier and John Banister Tabb—have been accorded world-wide recognition. Together they suffered the martyrdom of war. Fellow prisoners at Point Lookout, the harrowing details of their misery and pain are too horrible, declares the author of this book, to be printed in its pages. Reference is made to Lanier's "Tiger Lilies," that marvelous product of three weeks' labor, a source book of poetic concepts later given tone and musical

expression in finished poems. The limited circulation of Lanier's only novel may be accounted for because of its accuracy in depicting some phases of that war so bitter to Confederates and so embarrassing to the fair fame of the victorious army. Now that organizations are formed for the purpose of promoting world peace, I suggest that "Tiger Lilies" be republished and used as propaganda. It is the most succinct, unanswerable, and heavenly thought plea for the brotherhood of man as opposed to that obnoxious, obscene, bane—war.

There is one scene of Confederate history which baffles the chisel of the sculptor of the "Gray Minstrel"—Stone Mountain—the meeting of Lanier and Tabb at Point Lookout. What artist can limn the picture of the worn, gray-clad young soldier—he of slender grace, ecstatic with the spirit of music, as he stood with his flute that twilit hour and sent notes of surpassing sweetness to find echo in the soul of a sick and weary fellow sufferer—to be known as fellow poet and friend for all time hence!

Father Tabb tells the story of this first meeting: "Here in this hell hole I met Sidney Lanier. Late one evening, while I was lying in my cot, ill with fever, the distant, clear, sweet notes of a flute reached my ears. I was entranced. I said to myself, I must find that man. I was told that the player was a young man from Georgia who had just come among us. I forthwith hastened to find him out, and from that hour the flute of Sidney Lanier was our daily delight. It was an angel imprisoned with us to cheer and console us. Well I remember his improvisations and how the young artist stood there in the twilight. Many a stern eye moistened to hear him, many a homesick heart for a time forgot its captivity. The night sky, clear as a dewdrop above us, the waters of the Chesapeake far to the east, the long gray beach, and the distant pines seemed all to have found an interpreter in him. In all those dreary months of imprisonment under the keenest privations of life, exposed to the daily manifestations of want and depravity, sickness, and death, his was the clear-hearted, hopeful voice that sang what he uttered in after years."

The fidelity of Father Tabb to the principles, inborn and bred, for which he suffered in war, led to the designation, "Unredeemed Rebel," a title he claimed for himself. Only lesser souls "bend the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrift may follow fawning."

A study of the life and works of Father Tabb is a revelation of the genius of the Southerner. Original to eccentricity, there was yet a brilliant mentality wedded to practical common sense. As teacher, this is marked. The failure of present-day educational systems to induce culture has become a lament. To read, write, and speak the English language, in a literate way, is becoming a lost art. School boards should examine Father Tabb's "Bone Rules for Teaching Grammar."

Indeed, this volume on Father Tabb is a source book of valuable information. The collected poems included are a treasury.

Fidelity to his past is, in one instance, expressed by Father Tabb in his tribute to his black mammy. Her epitaph is worthy the pen of our great poet of epigram:

"Died, at The Forest, Amelia County, Jenny Thompson.

"To Jenny, whose faithful service to our household ended only with her life—

"To her, O Tenderness Divine,
Be thou as she to me and mine."

*"Father Tabb: A Study of His Life and Works," with uncollected and unpublished poems, By Francis A. Litz, Ph. D. Price, \$2.50. The Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore.

Sons of Confederate Veterans

GENERAL OFFICERS

D. S. ETHERIDGE	Chattanooga, Tenn.	<i>Commander in Chief</i>
WALTER L. HOPKINS	Richmond, Va.	<i>Adjutant in Chief</i>
ARTHUR H. JENNINGS	Lynchburg, Va.	<i>Historian in Chief</i>
GEORGE A. MACON	Memphis, Tenn.	<i>Quartermaster in Chief</i>
JAMES S. DAVENPORT	Vinita, Okla.	<i>Judge Advocate in Chief</i>
JOHN M. WITT	Tupelo, Miss.	<i>Inspector in Chief</i>
JOHN Z. READING	Tampa, Fla.	<i>Commissary in Chief</i>
DR. WILLIAM F. HUBBERT	Dallas, Tex.	<i>Surgeon in Chief</i>
REV. B. A. OWENS	Lathrop, Mo.	<i>Chaplain in Chief</i>

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL

D. S. ETHERIDGE	<i>Chairman</i>	Chattanooga, Tenn.
N. B. FREDERICK	Atlanta, Ga.	Athens, Ga.
DR. W. C. GALLOWAY	Wilmington, N. C.	Wilmington, N. C.
LUCIUS L. MOSS	Lake Charles, La.	Lake Charles, La.
JUDGE EDGAR SCURRY	Wichita Falls, Tex.	Wichita Falls, Tex.
JESSE ANTHONY	Washington, D. C.	Washington, D. C.
L. A. MORTON	Duncan, Okla.	Duncan, Okla.



All communication for this department should be sent direct to Arthur H. Jennings, Editor, Lynchburg, Va.

LOOKING FORWARD AND BACK.

THE BATTLE AROUND OLD PRINCIPLES.

The time to help preserve the theory of government for which the Confederate soldier fought, and which is now attacked under the guise of of a so-called and misnamed "child labor" amendment to the Constitution, is now at hand. Thirty-eight State legislatures are now, or shortly will be, in session, and this question of adoption or rejection of this amendment will be before them. Powerful forces are at work to engraft this socialistic principle upon our government. Leading them are the American Federation of Labor and the National Federation of Women's Clubs, it is asserted. With them are the Socialists and the mass of paid professional "reformers." Opposed to the amendment stand thirty-eight organizations of manufacturers and over eighty State and national organizations of farmers. With these are aligned the Virginia State Chamber of Commerce, the New York State Chamber of Commerce, the West Virginia Bar Association, and many similar farm and business organizations. That no single true American would support the substitution of our theory of the rights of the States and the home with this Bolshevik proposal for the nationalization of the youth of the land can be readily believed. But the proponents of this measure are alert, crafty, and overlook no means to carry their point. A false and beguiling sentimentalism is spread thickly through the propaganda of the movement and many women are its victims. It is hard to get the truth to people, hard to sift truth from propaganda and sophistry when we do get it. The indications are that the American people are not willing to turn over their government to the crack-brained theories now upheaving Europe. A paper which loudly supports this government intrusion of the home is now wildly shrieking against "the tyranny" of inspection of income tax returns! It is vital to the safety and the continuance of our American nation that the people withstand now this mass attack upon our fundamentals of government and Americanism by these forces of socialism, shallow sentimentalism, and bureaucracy. It is a comfort to know that the women of the country are too generally informed on vital questions to be led in a mass by demagogues or deceived leaders. The great mass of the intelligent women of this country, numbers of them in the women's clubs of the country, in spite of misguided attempts to lead them into this socialistic morass, may be depended upon to support the continuance of fundamental American principles.

DIVISION COMMANDERS

ALABAMA—Fort Payne	Dr. W. E. Quinn
ARKANSAS—Little Rock	E. R. Wiles
D. C. and MARYLAND—Washington	John A. Chumbley
EASTERN DIVISION—New York	Silas W. Fry
FLORIDA—Tampa	S. L. Lowry
GEORGIA—Atlanta	John A. Shipp
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green	Malcolm H. Crump
LOUISIANA—Baton Rouge	J. St. Clair Favrot
MISSOURI—St. Louis	Charles A. Moreno
MISSISSIPPI—Oxford	Judge T. C. Kimbrough
NEW YORK—Albany	C. M. Brumley
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City	J. W. Jones
SOUTH CAROLINA—Newberry	John M. Kinard
TENNESSEE—Memphis	J. L. Highsaw
TEXAS—Austin	Lon A. Smith
VIRGINIA—Montvale	R. A. Gilliam
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington	G. W. Sidebottom

REPORTS AND CAMP NEWS.

Texas reports the following officers elected at a meeting of Dick Dowling Camp No. 281, of Port Arthur; Commandant, R. A. Shivers. First Lieutenant Commander, Henry Crawford. Second Lieut Commander, Henry Matire. Adjutant, Dr. O. I. Baker. Surgeon, Dr. C. W. Fulbright. Quartermaster, H. F. Baker. Chaplain, C. N. Ellis. Treasurer, F. P. Wood. Color Bearer, S. R. Nicks. Historian, J. N. Payne. Judge Advocate, A. W. Dycus.

The Second Brigade of the Texas Division reports through Brigade Commander Ed. S. Carver the following appointments:

Brigade Adjutant, W. B. Simmons, Orange.
Brigade Quartermaster, C. C. Nicholson, Jacksonville.
Brigade Inspector, O. M. Stone, Jasper.

District of Columbia and Maryland Division reports through Division Commander, John A. Chumbley the following staff appointments, all of Washington, D. C.:

Adjutant, E. W. Pillow; Inspector, Alphonse Gouldman; Judge Advocate, George T. Rawlins; Quartermaster, W. L. Wilkinson; Commissary, John F. Little; Surgeon, Dr. C. P. Clarke; Historian, Major E. W. R. Ewing; (Ballston, Va.); Chaplain, Rev. A. R. Bird; Color Bearer, Guy Hardy.

"TO THE 'DAUGHTERS' GOD BLESS 'EM."

The Savannah convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy brought prominently to the public mind the greatness and importance, in a national sense, of this great woman's organization. The newspapers gave it as much importance and serious publicity as they extend to any assemblage of women of the country. In fact, the U. D. C. stands in the front rank of patriotic orders and women's organizations, it being equalled by but two others and surpassed by none. The membership now exceeds one hundred thousand, a membership obtained not through paid solicitation nor field agents, but by the patriotic endeavors of the women themselves. The order expends on educational work and bestowing of scholarships, in cash and scholarship values, a total of around one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. A special sum of thirty thousand dollars was voted at Savannah toward their history work. The Jefferson Davis Highway stands out as one of their great works and monuments, and boulders mark the country which are being erected and have been erected by the U. D. C. The deliberations of this body are marked by a dignity and standard of ethics not always observed by other organizations, either of men or of women. Its committee reports attest the im-

portance of the affairs of the organization as well as the ability of the women who handle these affairs. Its influence now extends overseas—its work covers this continent.

THE S. C. V. TWENTY YEARS AGO.

In June, 1904, twenty years ago, there was held in the city of Nashville, Tenn., the first joint convention of the United Confederate Veterans and the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, whose name has now been changed to Sons of Confederate Veterans. It was the ninth annual reunion of the Sons. Dr. Thomas M. Owen, at that time Commander of the Alabama Division of Sons, in speaking to the veterans, said: "I pledge the Sons to be loyal to you forevermore. You have admitted us to the house of our fathers. Shall we not remain in it? We will, for always. We will perpetuate your memory and keep alive your fame." In speaking to the Sons, Gen. W. B. Bate said: "Your purpose is to preserve and perpetuate the history of the country and to correct any slurs and slanders that may be cast and see that the reputation of your father be protected." Past Commander in Chief of the S. C. V., Biscoe Hindman, made a speech, and was followed by a talk by the then Commander in Chief, William McL. Fayssoux. W. Covington Hall was the then Adjutant in Chief and Chief of Staff S. C. V. Gen. C. Irvine Walker addressed the Sons and stated that the veterans wished the Sons to erect the monument to the women of the South, and had passed a resolution to that effect. Comrade James Mann, in response, proposed the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

"Resolved, That we accept willingly the responsibility the veterans have placed upon us of erecting a memorial to the women of the Confederacy, and that we pledge our sacred honor to the consummation of this labor of love."

At this reunion it is interesting to note that Robert E. Lee Camp, of Fort Worth, Tex., reported a membership of 1,408, which was three times as large as the membership of any other reporting Camp. Next came John A. Broadus Camp, of Louisville, Ky., with 450 members. Beauregard Camp, of New Orleans, reported 390 members; and Sam Davis Camp, of Ardmore, Ind. T., 306 members. The election of officers resulted as follows: N. R. Tisdal, Commander in Chief S. C. V.; J. J. Davis, of Louisville, Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia Department; R. E. L. Bynum, Commander Army of Tennessee Department; and C. A. Skean, of the Indian Territory, Commander Trans-Mississippi Department.

SCATTERING SHOTS.

Did you ever hear of a Northern orator praising Jefferson Davis to a Northern audience or illustrating some prime virtue by bringing in his name? did you ever read of this being done or ever see such in Northern papers? How many, many times have you heard Southern orators illustrate some prime virtue by naming Lincoln to Southern audiences? How much in his praise have you heard or read in the South? How much? Well, what's the answer? Who's looney now?

A man is reported to have rewritten the Bible, using "every day English" so that "all can understand it." This person should be restrained. He would cheerfully paint a cigarette between the mocking lips of the Mona Lisa to bring that much discussed lady more up to date. His rudiments of appreciation are so lacking that he could with equanimity place a memorial to old John Brown in the Confederate Battle Abbey at Richmond.

The Florida S. C. V. got out an attractive program of their thirty-fourth annual convention and reunion, which

was held in Tampa in October. Among the orators of the reunion were Col. John Z. Reardon and Judge Raleigh Petteway. The social side of an unusually interesting meeting was graced by a ball at the DeSoto Hotel, automobile rides, and a reception at the Tampa Yacht and Country Club.

AS WERE THE GREEKS AND ROMANS.

A very wise man, a bishop of a great Church, writes to this editor; "While the Romans conquered the Greeks with arms, the Greeks conquered the Romans with learning when the young men of Rome went to Athens to study. If seems our Southern people, having been defeated in battle, are being defeated in education. As long as our young men go North to the great Northern universities we shall have Northern sentiment becoming more aggressive and energetic among us." The woeful truth of this utterance is attested by too many instances we can all call to mind where both young men and young women have returned to their homes from Northern institutions of learning totally befuddled as to their country's true history. Our pulpits, our newspapers, our religious and educational publications, all supported by Southern money, are in too many cases purveyors, purposely or innocently, of Northern propaganda. Efforts to defend our Southern history and institutions and the memory of our fathers from slander is termed, even by some of our own people, "keeping alive strife." The total absence of mention or praise of Jefferson Davis, even in the South, in papers and pulpit, while floods of adulation of Lincoln sweep ever about us everywhere is significant. It is not a difference in character to the detriment of resident Davis that causes this. It is due to the known or unconsciously absorbed pressure of propaganda of which our educators, writers, and speakers are victims. We are being educated away from truth, away from reverence for our country's history and the glory of our own fathers.

FROM AN ENGLISH FRIEND.

The following letter, dated July 31, is from an English friend in Canada, Mr. Percy Fletcher, whose address is the Pacific Club, Victoria, B. C., and it should have had earlier attention. It is hoped that some patron of the VETERAN can help him to secure a Confederate button. Mr. Fletcher writes:

"As a reader of your most interesting paper, I am loth to let go by unnoticed a mistake in this month's issue. On page 255 (July number), you refer to 'the Speaker of the House of Lords.' There is no Speaker of our Upper House, the Lord Chancellor being in the chair. The Speaker occupies his position in the House of Commons, in which Lady Astor sits. Years ago, I met the Langhorne sisters at White Sulphur Springs, Va., so am interested in your paragraph, but felt constrained to rectify the mistake.

"I may mention that I am an Englishman—a veteran of the World War, and regret that I was not born early enough to have followed the glorious Confederate flag, which hangs, together with our Union Jack, in my study here. Have several relics of Bull Run, picked up by myself years ago when in Virginia. What I have been trying to do for a long time is to secure a service button of the Confederate army which has been really used. May I enlist your aid in that quest? I am in tutorial work, and have several American pupils with whom I have lengthy discussions on the 'War between the States'!"

Confederate Veteran.

"THE SONGS OF DIXIE."

It is a pleasing announcement that another edition of "Echoes from Dixie" is now available, for many inquiries have been made for a good collection of Southern songs since the supply of this work was exhausted some months ago. This collection was compiled by Mrs. Hampden Osborne as leader of the Confederate Choir No. 1, and later was revised and added to. An interesting Foreword by Matthew Page Andrews tells of the place music holds in Southern life, and this collection gives many of the sweet old songs our mothers used to sing, the Confederate war songs which stirred and sustained our fathers in the sixties, songs of love, and the old hymns which were so comforting to those who gave their best beloved for their country. Both words and music are given, and only in this collection will be found Jeb Stuart's great song, "Jine the Cavalry."

That any people should wish to preserve their songs in the original form seems incomprehensible to a certain Chicago periodical, which gave a review of the first edition of this collection in the following:

"We are not able to comprehend the purpose of keeping alive the memories that rankled in the days of the Civil War. Why keep on printing the 'secesh' words of 'Bonnie Blue Flag,' for instance? Why retain such stuff as 'Davis, our loved President' and similar hog wash that has no place in our patriotic song? There have been loyal versions of that song. Isn't it as well to let the other kind die?"

In other words, we should realize that "Dixie's songs are o'er, her glory gone on high," Who was it said, "Let me write the songs of a country and I care not who writes her laws?" The North has so long written history for the South that it would now write our songs. As we don't happen to feel just that way, we will go on singing our songs as they were written. This collection gives the original versions—and no Yankee emendations—and it should be used in our Southern schools that the children may be trained in that sentiment for home and country that is impressed most deeply through song.

The new edition is advertised in this number of the VETERAN.

MARKING OUR BATTLE FIELDS.

Special attention is called to the first message sent out by the Commander of the Grand Camp of Virginia, Confederate Veterans, in which he brings out the great work yet to be done in properly marking the battle fields of the South:

OFFICE OF ADJUTANT GENERAL,
PETERSBURG, VA., November 17, 1924.

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 1.

1. The Grand Commander, deeply sensible and appreciative of your renewed confidence imposed in him, with an ever-abiding faith in your generous support, cheerfully enters upon the duties and privileges of another year, trusting in that unerring providence which has ever been our support and stay in the past for guidance and accomplishment. No constructive work or achievement looking to the perpetuation of our cause and the memory of its heroic defenders could possibly deserve our attention more than the marking of the principal battle fields of Virginia made sacred by the blood and sacrifices of her heroic sons. For sixty long years the people of Virginia have waited and prayed that an opportunity might be afforded them of contributing to this much-deferred but sacred duty. The hour and opportunity have met.

Prompted by the action of the patriotic citizens of Rich-

mond, whose committee is now actively engaged in marking the battle fields around that city, and their expressed desire to have us coöperate with them, and having received the voluntary approval and hearty support of the Commander of the Virginia Division, Confederate Veterans, and that of the United Daughters of the Confederacy and the Sons of Confederate Veterans of Virginia, Memorial Day, May 30, 1925, has been designated as the time when all the people of Virginia will be requested to make an offering for that purpose. A committee composed of Veterans, Sons, and Daughters of the Confederacy will arrange in their several localities to receive the offering and present each contributor with a miniature Confederate flag as a souvenir of the occasion, and forward all contributions to the Battle Field Markers Association in Richmond, which is now incorporated. And be it remembered that when you have yielded to every impulse of your better nature and responded to every suggestion of patriotism and sacred obligation to your comrades and posterity, there will still be mute voices from hundreds of battle fields echoing and reverberating from every hilltop and valley of Virginia, pleading for justice and appealing for recognition of plighted vows. Then let your offering be as free and princely as the lives of those you seek to perpetuate were heroic and sacrificial.

2. The soldiers of the Grand Camp need no reminder that the next annual meeting will be held in Staunton, a city whose history is known to the world by the fame of Stonewall Jackson, and whose generous hospitality is sung by all who have been permitted to enjoy it. The date fixed for this reunion is June 16, 17, 18, 1925.

By command of

GEN. C. B. LINNEY, *Grand Commander.*
CARTER R. BISHOP, *Adjutant General.*

These cuts show both sides of our Marker for Confederate Graves. It is made from the best grade of iron, weighs 20 pounds, measures 15x30 inches, painted black, and approved by the General Organization, U. D. C.

— PRICE, \$150 EACH —

F. O. B. Attalla

ATTALLA FOUNDRY AND MACHINE CO., ATTALLA, ALA.

Confederate History

The following books were largely procured through the sale of the library of the late Gen. B. H. Young, former Commander in Chief U.C. V., and some of them are offered now through the VETERAN for the first time, owing to their scarcity. Nearly all books in the list are scarce and most of them the single volume, so mention second and third choice in sending your order.

Destruction and Reconstruction. By Gen. Richard Taylor.....	\$3 00
Hampton and His Cavalry. By Edward L. Wells. (Long out of print).....	5 00
Four Years under Mars' Robert. By Major Stiles.....	3 00
Shelby and His Men. By John N. Edwards. (Long out of print).....	5 00
Memoirs of Stonewall Jackson. By his wife.....	3 00
Recollections and Letters of Gen. R. E. Lee. Compiled by his son, Capt. R. E. Lee. (First edition)	3 50
Partisan Life with Mosby. By Maj. John Scott.....	4 00
Reminiscences of the Civil War. By Gen. John B. Gordon. (Memorial edition).....	5 00
Confederate War Papers. By Gustavus A. Smith.....	2 00
Life and Campaigns of Gen. N. B. Forrest. By Jordan and Pryor. (An old copy, first edition).....	4 00
Campaigns of Wheeler and His Cavalry. By W. C. Dodson.....	3 00
The Immortal Six Hundred. By Maj. J. J. O. Murray.....	2 00
Memorial Volumes of Jefferson Davis. By Dr. J. William Jones.....	3 00
History of the Laurel Brigade, Ashby's Cavalry. By Capt. William N. McDonald.....	4 00
Numbers and Losses in the Civil War. By T. L. Livermore.....	2 00
Alphábetical List of Battles of all American Wars.....	2 00
Civil History of the Confederate States. By J. L. M. Curry.....	1 50
Speeches and Orations of John Warwick Daniel. Compiled by his son.....	4 00
Battles and Biographies of Missourians. By W. L. Webb.....	1 50
Life in Dixie During the War. By Miss M. A. H. Gay.....	2 00
Life of Gen. A. S. Johnston. By his son.....	4 50
Life and Diplomatic Correspondence of James M. Mason. By his daughter, Miss Emily Mason.....	4 00
Advance and Retreat. By Gen. John B. Hood.....	3 00
History of the Orphan Brigade of Kentucky. By Col. Ed Porter Thompson.....	5 00
Two Years on the Alabama. By Lieutenant Sinclair.....	4 00
Narrative of Military Operations. By Gen. Joseph E. Johnston.....	4 00

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